1098

SOMETHING NEW:

OR,

ADVENTURES

AT

CAMPBELL-HOUSE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY ANNE PLUMPTRE.

Man is but man, inconſtant ſtill and various!
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day!
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
Make him think honeſtly the preſent hour,
The next a ſwarm of baſe ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft.

DRYDEN.

VOL. I.

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NJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWA

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PROLOGUE.

THE man who oft turns o'er th' hiſtoric page,
To mark th' events of each ſucceeding age,
Muſt ſtill obſerve, as he purſues his courſe,
That though, while aw'd by pow'r's ſuperior force,
States, empires, cities, provinces remain
Supinely yok'd by Tyranny's fell chain,
That love of freedom which in ev'ry breaſt
Reſiſtleſs rules, nor e'er can be ſuppreſs'd,
Indignant burſts its bonds, or ſoon, or late,
When deſpots in their turn muſt yield to fate.

Here long fair Liberty has rear'd her head,
And choiceſt bleſſings over Britons ſhed.
Reſtricted only by the laws' decree,
'Tis our proud boaſt that we indeed are free.—
Are free indeed?—Ah 'tis an empty boaſt!
For deep within our ſea-encircled coaſt,
Though Freedom long has gen'ral empire held,
Though Slav'ry's inroads have been oft repell'd,
One branch of tyranny has ſtill retain'd
Its priſtine force, unſhaken ſtill remain'd;
And held o'er Learning's ſons imperial ſway,
From earlieſt times till e'en the preſent day;
While through our Iſland's wide-extended bound,
No high-aſpiring ſoul has yet been found,

Who

[illegible] dar'd magnanimouſly ſpurn theſe chains,
And rearing Freedom's ſtaff on Learning's plains,
[illegible]ore enlighten'd vot'ries, Senſe,
Re[illegible] taſk tremendous to commence.
No! ſtill, in ſpite of ever-varying Chance,
Has BEAUTY held o'er Novel and Romance,
One undivided, unmoleſted rule,
And was the Heroine, witty, wiſe, or fool;
Still ſhe was lovely, ſtill in form and mien,
The rival e'en of fair Idalia's Queen.
The hapleſs female, whoſe irradiant eyes
Ne'er ſtruck beholder's heart with ſoft ſurpriſe;
Who ſhew'd no ſymmetry of form, or face,
Though richly ſtor'd with ev'ry mental grace;
Nor in the Novel's or Romance's walk,
Has dar'd preſume as heroine to ſtalk,
But far from wounding obſervation flown,
To live retir'd, unnotic'd, and unknown.

But ſhall our breaſts, by love of freedom warm'd,
Still bow to laws by Deſpotiſm form'd?
When from the civil throne, where long the world
She rul'd at will, we ſee the monſter hurl'd;
Shall Learning's ſons ſtill at her altar bend?
No, we'll the RIGHTS OF AUTHORS here defend,
And in theſe pages place before your view
An UGLY heroine—Is't not SOMETHING NEW?

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL
1098

SOMETHING NEW,

&c. &c.

LETTER I.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* HENRY EGERTON.

Kilverton, August 1.

IMPORTUNITY is at length triumphant, Harry!—Obſtinacy at length has vanquiſhed reſolution!—Lionel Stanhope at length has yielded to his father!

Lift up your hands and eyes in aſtoniſhment, if you pleaſe, my good couſin, yet 'tis even ſo. I have this very moment ſolemnly pledged myſelf to Sir

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Francis to pay my reſpects to my long-deſtined wiſe, Olivia Campbell, in my way to Scarborough. But, miſtake me not—I have promiſed nothing more than merely to ſee her; I have not inſinuated even the moſt diſtant hope that my viſit will be productive of the conſequences wiſhed, though, in ſpite of my aſſurances to the contrary, the worthy Baronet ſeems to think that in gaining my conſent to an interview he has gained every thing.

Yet though ſuch may be his ideas, formed on his own wiſhes, thoſe who know me better, and who can take a diſpaſſionate view of the queſtion, will be convinced how much he deceives himſelf. Can it be rationally ſuppoſed that I, who have always been the devoted ſlave of beauty, who have ſo often ſworn even by the mighty Jupiter himſelf, that the woman who could fix my

my roving affections must be lovely as an angel—that I can on a ſudden be ſo changed as to harbour an idea of uniting myſelf with a woman proverbially plain?—That I, who have vowed no leſs reſolutely never to ſubmit to the tyranny and ſuperciliouſneſs which in a female are the inſeparable companions of a large fortune, but that the wedded partner of my heart ſhould be poor as lovely—that I can think of paying my addreſſes to one of the richeſt heireſſes in the kingdom?

No, Harry; in conſenting to this interview I am actuated by far other motives; I have merely yielded to neceſſity, and taken the only poſſible method of reſcuing myſelf from importunities which have long been the torment of my life. Vainly have I flattered myſelf that my ſteady reſolution would at length weary out my father's

obſtinacy: often as I have parried his aſſaults, he has ſtill returned undaunted to the charge.

"Do but ſee her, Li.—that cannot "do you any harm—that does not "pledge you to any thing. And what "can be more unjuſt and unreaſonable, "than to reject her unknown?"

"Would it not be a much greater "affront, my dear Sir, to reject her "when known? And this I am very "confident would be the caſe, ſince "you yourſelf, notwithſtanding your "ſtrong prejudice in her favour, have "been frequently obliged to confeſs "that ſhe is uncommonly plain."

"No, no, Li.—don't ſay ſo—I never "confeſſed that.—I allow indeed that "ſhe is not handſome, but ſhe is ſo amia-"ble, ſo ſenſible, ſo accompliſhed"—

"That it would be a great pity to "throw herſelf away upon a being ſo

" insensible, unamiable, and unaccom-
" plished as Lionel Stanhope. Adieu,
" my dear father, my horse waits, I am
" going to take a ride."

" Ah! Li. Li.! thou art a sad boy.
" 'Tis true indeed that she would be
" thrown away upon thee—thou art
" unworthy to possess such a treasure.
" But since I do not know any man
" worthy of her, thou may'st as well—
" Damn the boy; there he goes, and
" won't even stay to hear me!—Yet
" what a fine handsome, spirited young
" fellow it is!—Curse him, I can't help
" loving him in spite of his folly."

And what, after all, are these accomplishments to which my very affectionate father would sacrifice my inclinations, my happiness?—Miss Campbell's mind he says is so highly cultivated: that is, I suppose, so abundantly stored with novels and romances, that she

would expect from a lover no less devotion and adoration than the tender sentimental heroes of such works are accustomed to pay to the heroines—and such attention she would be little likely to receive from me. Perhaps too she is an adept in all works of fancy, so that the house is littered from top to bottom with the productions of her ingenuity; and I should be afraid of moving, lest I might rend her fair bosom with agony unutterable, by disturbing or injuring some painted table, box, screen, or cabinet, the labour of many an anxious moment.

Yet, hold!—An idea suddenly strikes me!—You, Harry, are in want of a fortune—I want to get rid of one. Why then should we not accommodate each other, and by making this visit together, under an exchange of names and characters, accomplish our reciprocal aims?—By

heaven

heaven 'tis a glorious idea!—it fires my blood!—it exhilarates my heart!—I feel new life!—Tranſports till now unknown trill through my veins!—Olivia wedded, I have nothing more to dread from parental importunity; and this ſingle object of contention between Sir Francis and myſelf removed, we ſhall become the beſt friends in the world—while you, Harry, will be relieved from thoſe embarraſſments by which you are now ſo cruelly tormented.

But I am called away—adieu therefore for the preſent. Write to me immediately, and tell me that you will meet me at Doncaſter on Thurſday next, ready to perform your part in this drama; then how jocund will be the heart of

Your faithfully affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER II.

HENRY EGERTON *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Bath, August 3.

NEVER, oh never, Lionel, could ſuch a propoſal as yours have been otherwiſe than acceptable to me, but never could it have come more opportunely than at the preſent moment. A powerful ſtimulus was indeed wanting, to rouſe me from the ſtate of torpor into which I have been plunged by recent diſappointment—ſome new object of purſuit to occupy my ſoul, and chace from it that gloom—that worſe than gloom—thoſe images of horror, by which

which it has been overpowered for several days paſt.

Look at the date of my letter, and when you read BATH, your hands and eyes will ſurely be no leſs raiſed in aſtoniſhment to heaven, than you expected mine to be at finding that you had conſented to viſit at Campbell-Houſe. You will then alſo ſee clearly what has occaſioned that more than uſual agony of mind to which I alluded. I once thought that no mortal power could again draw me into this city, the grave of all my happineſs; but, alas! I knew not then the omnipotence of neceſſity!—Born to affluence, not accuſtomed to find any wiſh ungratified, I had no idea, till taught by cruel experience, how far the preſſure of want, and the goading recollection of that enormous load of debt by which I am

overwhelmed, could ſuperſede all other feelings in my boſom.

Though ſtung almoſt to madneſs at the repeated diſappointments I have experienced in endeavouring to repair my fortune by marriage, ſo deſperate was my ſituation, that another opportunity of making an effort for that purpoſe preſenting itſelf, I was reſolved even to incur the hazard of another refuſal, rather than have to reproach myſelf with puſillanimouſly yielding to my adverſe fate. This new object was the daughter of a rich Weſt-India merchant, whom I met with accidentally at an aſſize-ball at Dorcheſter. I immediately began once more to run that career of flattery and attention which had hitherto, to my utter aſtoniſhment, proved ſo unſucceſsful, and now had ſoon reaſon to hope that a better fortune awaited me. In ſhort, within ten

days

days from the commencement of our acquaintance every thing was arranged, not only with her but with her father, who, though not extremely pleaſed at hearing the ſtate of my affairs, yet was too entirely managed by his daughter to make any ſtrong objections to her wiſhes. One thing alone occurred as an alloy to my tranſport, that Bath was fixed upon by the lady as the place at which our union ſhould be completed.

I ſtarted at the very mention of that idea, and was about to entreat an alteration of the plan, yet, overpowered as I was by an arrangement ſo unexpected, what excuſe could I frame for my objections to it?—A ſigh burſt involuntarily from my boſom but a ſecond which was riſing I had reſolution enough to ſuppreſs; and apprehenſive leſt, by trifling, I might riſk a change in my fair one's diſpoſition, which I plainly ſaw was

verſatile and capricious, I reſolved to ſubdue my feelings, and ruſh at all hazards to the appointed rendezvous.

A journey to my own eſtate was however neceſſary, before the ſettlements preparatory to our marriage could be finally adjuſted. I was concerned at being obliged to loſe ſight of my intended bride, but the thing was unavoidable, and I departed for Arrenton, while ſhe and her father proceeded to Bath. I diſpatched my buſineſs with all poſſible expedition, and haſtened to join them. But, oh! Stanhope, judge what muſt have been my feelings at the firſt ſight of thoſe ſpires and turrets to which were annexed ſuch agonizing aſſociations?—Claſping my hands together, I exclaimed, " Ah! wherefore " are not the waters of Bath endued " with a Lethean virtue! Why can " they not

" Pluck

"Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
"Raſe out the written troubles of the brain;
"And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
"Cleanſe the charg'd boſom of that per'lous ſtuff
"Which weighs upon the heart?"

Soon, however, recurring to my new engagement, I rouſed the ſlumbering energies of my ſoul, and clothing my face in ſmiles, while my heart was a prey to the ſevereſt torture, I was prepared to meet my beloved with becoming tranſports, when—oh! curſed fortune—the firſt news I learned on entering Bath was, that ſhe had eloped the preceding night with the ſon of an indigent Earl, whoſe title I ſuppoſe ſhe conſiders as a ſufficient excuſe for her infidelity.

Thus foiled in my plans, bereft once more of the hope of emancipation from my diſtreſſes, at ſuch a moment, and in ſuch a ſpot, all my former wounds ſeemed again torn open. Three days did

did I remain ſhut up in my own apartment, a perfect recluſe amid ſurrounding diſſipation; while the ſainted ſpirit of my long-loſt Emily ſeemed to hover about me, tenderly reproaching me for the degrading life I have ſo long led, and pathetically exhorting me to break my chains, and become once more the ſame Henry to whom her pure and artleſs heart had been ſo ardently devoted. Oh yes, Lionel, I felt all this ſo forcibly, that I had actually reſolved on making a vigorous effort to ſhake off the enervating tyranny under which I groan— but at that moment your letter arrived; it recalled too powerfully to my recollection my true and genuine ſituation, and convinced me that, bankrupt as I am both in fortune and reputation, the reſolution was made too late, and not till 'tis become impracticable to carry it into effect.

Be your plan then purſued!—it was ſurely the inſpiration of heaven itſelf!—Ill-fated Bath, in one hour more I quit thy walls for ever!—Hail, Yorkſhire! hail, ſcene of my hopes, my wiſhes!—Before I reach thy borders, gloom ſhall be baniſhed from my brow, and ſorrow from my heart; and thou, Lionel, ſhalt embrace once more the gay, the volatile, the diſſipated

HENRY EGERTON.

LETTER III.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* HENRY EGERTON.

Kilverton, Auguſt 4.

SCARCELY knowing whether this will reach you, I yet think it better juſt to write a few haſty lines, to mention a circumſtance which has occurred. Within an hour after I had diſpatched my laſt letter to you, Orlando St. John arrived here very unexpectedly, and learning that I was to ſet off for Scarborough in a few days, propoſed to accompany me. This, conſidering our long intimacy, I knew not how to refuſe, ſo I thought it better to impart our ſcheme to him. He intereſts himſelf deeply

deeply for our ſucceſs; and, to promote it as far as lies in his power, has agreed to take Jerry on with him to Scarborough, ſince I am afraid of his accompanying me to Campbell-Houſe, leſt, good ſoul, he ſhould think it neceſſary, in duty to his old maſter, to betray the proceedings of his young one.

Orlando inſiſts upon an exact and minute detail of our adventures. He once ſaw Olivia at Doncaſter races, and ſays that you can have no idea of any thing not deformed ſo uncommonly plain. Do you not ſhrink, Harry?—Weigh the matter well—remember that when her huſband, the purſuit of beauty muſt be relinquiſhed for ever. If your ſelf-command can comply with ſuch terms, you have much more than

Your very affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER IV.

Lionel Stanhope *to* Orlando St. John.

Campbell-House, *August* 10.

Retired to my apartment for the night, Orlando, I ſit down to give you the firſt chapter of my promiſed narrative.

I quitted Doncaſter within a quarter of an hour after you, leaving directions for Harry to follow me to the Campbell Arms at Maxſtead, where I arrived about nine o'clock. I had not been there many minutes, before I was informed by the bar-maid that a young man was enquiring for me. I ordered him to be introduced, when, announcing himſelf

himſelf as Mr. Egerton's ſervant, he ſaid that his maſter might be expected in an hour, and that he was in the mean time himſelf ſent forwards, in caſe he could be of any uſe to me.

Having previouſly heard much of Harry's daſhing valet, and knowing that he received his education at Cambridge as a college hair-dreſſer, I was well prepared for the ſort of perſon I might expect to ſee, but had no idea that I was to recognize in him an old acquaintance. Orlando, you have frequently heard me mention Arthur Williams, who had the honour of being operator in ordinary and extraordinary to the head of my poor deceaſed friend Arabin, when I was upon a viſit to him at college. In Egerton's valet I beheld this very man. We immediately recollected each other, and expreſſed mutual ſurpriſe at a meeting ſo unexpected.

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pected. He was full of regret for the loſs of Arabin, who he ſaid was one of the beſt maſters he ever had; and declared, that if he had lived, and I had become a member of the college, to which I had then a ſtrong inclination, he never ſhould have quitted his ſituation there.

Theſe compliments paid, he began in his uſual free and eaſy manner:

"I ſuppoſe you have heard of our "diſappointment at Bath?—Deviliſh "hard to be ſure!—We were curſedly "unwilling to go thither, and 'twas too "bad when we had ſummoned up re- "ſolution for it to find the bird flown. "But now we ſeem to be after freſh "game, and 'tis to be hoped we ſhall "have better luck."

"How came you to be ſo well in- "formed upon this matter, Mr. Ar- "thur?"

"Lord

" Lord blefs you, Sir, why you know
" me pretty well, I think, and you
" can't fuppofe that I don't fee the go
" of thefe things at once, without being
" told much about 'em. But Lord,
" Sir, they tell me that though fhe's
" devilifh rich, fhe's damned ugly."

" Who told you fo ?"

" The folks at the inn at Doncaf-
" ter. When they bid me go after
" you to the Campbell Arms, you
" know I of courfe afked directly what
" they meant by the Campbell Arms ?
" They ftared, feemed to think I ought
" to know all about the matter by in-
" fpiration, and at laft faid that the
" Campbell Arms was the fign of the
" inn at Maxftead, the parifh that
" Campbell-Houfe was in, the great
" rich heirefs Mifs Campbell's feat.
" Oho, the great rich heirefs thought I
" —you are there or thereabouts, are

you—

"you—and ſo I falls to pumping, and "got it all out at laſt, that ſhe's damned "rich, damned ugly, and a damned "fool."

"Did the people at the inn tell you "all this?—Tolerably impertinent me-"thinks."

"I beg pardon, Sir; I hope no of-"fence. As for the information that "ſhe's ugly and a fool, I can't ſay that "did come from the people at the inn. "A brother of the livery who ſeemed "upon the lounge there, overhearing "my queſtions, put in, and added theſe "two pretty little circumſtances.— "Damn it, thought I, rich and a fool "is all very well, but how my maſter "may like her being ſo deviliſh ugly is "another ſtory."

"And no concern of your's," ſaid I, rather angrily.

'I'm

"I'm ſorry you're diſpleaſed Sir, " but 'tis only my anxiety for my maſ- " ter's credit."

To put an end to his impertinent remarks, I wrote a note ſuited to the occaſion, and diſpatching him with it to the heireſs, ordered breakfaſt. This my hoſteſs, a goodly portly lady, brought with her own fair hands; when, judging by ſeveral obſervations ſhe made that ſhe was diſpoſed to be communicative, and thinking I might by this means obtain ſome uſeful information, I began:

"I obſerved, as I came hither, Ma- " dam, a fine looking old houſe at a lit- " tle diſtance; may I aſk to whom it " belongs?"

"Lawk, Sir, what don't you know " who live there?—For ſartin then you " muſt be a great ſtranger hereabouts."

"A very great one. I never was in "Yorkſhire before."

"Well, to be ſure, nor niver heard of "Miſs Campbell?"

"Miſs Campbell?—what, Miſs Oli-"via Campbell?—the rich heireſs, the "only child of the late General Camp-"bell?—Oh yes, I have heard of her."

"Aye, aye, Madam Olivy as they "call her. Well, Sir ſhe live there."

"And that large houſe, then, is in-"habited only by one ſolitary female?"

"Not ſo ſoluntary nather. She has "two frinds as lives with her, Madam "Belgrave and her darter; but old "Madam is not there now, for ſhe's "gone to Lunnun arter a ſtate as ſhe "was chated on a pretty time agone."

"But Miſs Belgrave is at home?"

"Yes. And there's one Muſter "Baicham as lives here juſt by; he's "ſtaying there now bekays his own "houſe

"house is repairing. Nay, as for that "matter, Madam Olivy's is always as "much his home as his own house, for "what I can see."

"What, he is some rich squire, or "son of a lord, that goes a courting to "her, I suppose?"

"Lawk, lawk, no such matter I pro- "mise you. Madam does not matter "lords nor rich squires nather so over "and above. If a man is but good, "why lawk she say, what does it sinnify "what he's called. And to be sure for "that matter she has not much right, "as you may say, to like your lords so "vast, for folks says it was a lord as "chated Madam Belgrave of her state, "but he's like enough to be fitted now, "thank God; and let every one have "their own, I say, for right's right, "whether the man's a lord or a beggar, "that's my thought. And to be sure

" every body hereabouts was glad " enough for to hear what the farvent " faid t'other day. when he bring'd a " parcel to go by the Lunnun coach; " for he faid, fays he, my lady hopes " now, fays he, that damned rafcal of a " lord"—

" How?—did Mifs Campbell call " the lord a damned rafcal?"

" She?—Lawk, no, Sir, God love " her; fhe wouldn't ufe no fuch words " for niver fo much. No, no, that was " only the farvent's word, and a damned " rafcal for fartin the lord is, if all's true " as the farvent faid about him; and " for that matter the farvent's as honeft " a fellow as ever broke bread, and I " don't believe would tell a lie for no- " body. And to be fure he faid that " the lord *fit* with Madam Belgrave's " hufband and kilt him, and fo got the " ftate, and left Madam and poor Mifs

" Harrit

"Harrit without ſo much as a penny "in their pockets, and they muſt ather "a ſtarved or a gone to a workus; "and lawk your honour knows that a "workus is but a ſorry place even for "poor folks, crammed together, ſtiving "and ſtewing, three or four in a bed "like, God bleſs 'em, poor cratures"—

"I ca'nt ſay that I know much about "a workhouſe myſelf, but I can ſup-"poſe that Mrs. Belgrave and her "daughter would not have found it a "very comfortable place."

"God bleſs your honour, and I pray "God as you niver may know nothing "about 'em, for your honour ſeems a "main good kind of a gentleman. But "to be ſure nobody but what muſt "wiſh as that there raſcal of a lord may "come to one at laſt, for 'tis but right "that folks ſhould have as good as they "bring."

 "True,

"True, Madam—but Mrs. Bel-
"grave?"—

"Why for fartin if it had'nt a bin
"for Madam Olivy and the old Gine-
"ral, Madam Belgrave and Mifs Har-
"rit muft a gone to a workus, and if
"its a bad place for poor folks its
"worfer a deal for ladies. But his ho-
"nour the Gineral axed 'em both to
"come and live with him, fo that they
"liked mightily."

"And Mr. Beauchamp, Madam,
"whom you were mentioning, is not,
"then, a lord's fon?"

"No, he's only a fort of a fquire
"like, and has a little ftate of his own,
"as he looks arter himfelf. He was
"ommoft a mind to be a lawyer, but
"fomehow when he'd been arter it
"a little while, he did'nt feems to fancy
"it no matter, fo he thought he'd be
"independent, as he calls it, and he
"comed

" comed to live at his own farm there, " at yin little neat white houſe, as you " ſee from the road juſt by the park " gate, and there he have lived ever " ſin."

" But he is to marry Miſs Camp- " bell."

" Why to be ſure when he firſt comed " home, folks ſaid it was acauſe he " didn't like to be away from Madam, " but now they does'n't much know " what to think. His father and the " old Gineral were great frinds, and " ſo young Muſter Baicham was always " backwards and forwards, playing with " young Madam, as thof they had been " brother and ſiſter; and to be ſartin " Madam and he are more likerer bro- " ther and ſiſter now than any thing " elſe."

" And has not Miſs Campbell any " lover?"

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"Why there's a ſort of folk they ſay "as would be glad enough to have her, "but ſhe's ſo monſus difficle ſhe won't "have none on 'em."

"I underſtand her fortune to be very "large."

"Aye, by my troth, and ſo it is."

"Then I ſuppoſe ſhe has ſeveral "elegant carriages, a great many fine "horſes, with forty or fifty ſervants, "and is dreſſed all in gold and ſilver "like a queen?"

"No ſuch matter, I aſſure you. Ma- "dam is quite another gueſs ſort of a "lady from all that there. For ſartin "ſhe have all them kind of things gen- "teel enough, but ſhe don't matter 'em "like ſome folks. No, no, ſhe ſpends "a great deal of her fortin in charity; "there is'nt a poor famaly for the Lord "knows how many miles round but "what's the better for it."

Humph,

Humph, I thought, how will this ſuit with Harry's taſte?—I'm afraid he will think that charity begins at home, and chuſe that it ſhould ſtay at home too. What more information I might have obtained from my talkative landlady, had not our converſation been interrupted by the arrival of Egerton himſelf, I cannot ſay. His ſpirits were now no leſs elevated than they were depreſſed when laſt he wrote to me. Shaking me eagerly by the hand, he began:

"Well, Lionel, how go we on?—
"Have you ſeen my dog Arthur?—
"Are things in a proſperous train?—
"I am impatient till I claſp thoſe beau-
"ties to my heart, the bare idea of
"which ſets it all on fire."

"What ſort of beauties is Harry
"Egerton ſo very eager to claſp?"

"The dazzling beauties of the fair "Olivia—thoſe golden beauties, more "reſplendent than the early rays of "Phœbus, when from the orient main "majeſtic he aſcends, gilding the lofty "mountain tops, and, and, and,—But "tell me truly, Li., haſt taken any ſteps "towards our introduction ?"

"Yea, verily have I, my dear couſin. "That bright ornament of the livery, "Mr. Arthur Williams, is probably "by this time on his return from Camp-"bell-Houſe with a very polite anſwer "to a very polite note I ſent, politely "requeſting permiſſion for my couſin "Henry Egerton and myſelf to throw "ourſelves at the feet of the illuſtrious "heireſs of the ancient houſe of Camp-"bell."

"Pſhaw, Lionel!—now I hope you "did not write any of your ſtrange in-"flated nonſenſe."

"Verily,

"Verily, no, my beloved Harry,—
"I did write ſuch a note that thou thy-
"ſelf, hadſt thou but ſeen it, wouldſt
"have hung with rapture o'er a com-
"poſition ſo highly-finiſhed, ſo elo-
"quent, ſo perſuaſive."

"Take care how you provoke me,
"Stanhope.—Tell me plainly what you
"have done?"

"Plainly then, and in moſt plain and
"conciſe terms, I have written ſuch
"a note as I doubt not will procure
"our ready admiſſion into the houſe
"and preſence of the heireſs. And
"faith, now I have done it, I almoſt
"repent me of my officiouſneſs, ſince
"that buſy babbler, conſcience, has
"been ſo impertinent as to ſuggeſt
"ſtrong doubts whether or not this
"ſcheme of ours is perfectly conſiſtent
"with honour and honeſty."

" Away with ſuch idle ſuggeſtions.
" All ſcruples upon the ſubject ſhould
" have been thoroughly canvaſſed be-
" fore the idea was ſuggeſted to me.
" Now, half my future bride's fortune
" is mortgaged for the payment of my
" debts—in idea at leaſt, which is to
" me the ſame thing as though it were
" done in reality—have her I muſt,
" therefore, by ſome means or other.
" And, believe me, I intend to make
" her a moſt excellent huſband. She
" ſhall have one thouſand pounds a year
" entirely at her own diſpoſal; and
" with that I ſhall leave her to follow
" her own inventions, while I, with the
" reſt of her fortune, follow mine. One
" only thing diſturbs me, and that is, a
" dread leſt the plot ſhould not ſuc-
" ceed."

" And I only dread leſt it ſhould
" ſucceed—of which, indeed, I enter-
" tain

" tain very little doubt, ſince it will be " no ſmall recommendation to the lady " that you paſs for the ſon of Sir Fran- " cis Stanhope, whoſe elegant manners " and amiable diſpoſition are the ſubject " of univerſal admiration. Indeed, he " is ſuch a prodigy, that to know and " to be charmed with him are ſynoni- " mous terms."

" The *pretended*, not the *real* Mr. Stanhope, I ſuppoſe you mean?"

" Certainly.—For, as I have often " heard you ſay, Harry, you have ſuch " inſinuating manners, and ſo fine an " addreſs, that 'tis impoſſible for any " girl to liſten to you with indifference."

" Confound your ſneers!—I own in- " deed I did once think that I might " have any woman to whom I would " condeſcend to offer my hand; but " experience has fatally convinced me

 " of

"of my error, refufal has followed re-"fufal, till"—

"At length, after having repeatedly "boafted that you would have beauty "and fortune too, you are obliged to "forego the former, and be content "only with the latter."

"Too true. Indeed, fo defperate is "now my fituation, that I would even "marry the devil's daughter for money, "aye, and confent too to live with the "old folks."

Our converfation was here interrupted by the return of Arthur, who brought a very gracious anfwer from Olivia, expreffing great pleafure in the idea of feeing us, and hoping that we fhould pafs fome days at Campbell-Houfe.

"Oh bravo!" exclaimed Harry—"fome days!—In fome days, I truft, "I fhall have made fuch a progrefs in

" gaining her affections, that ſhe will " never part with me more !"

" And ſo," ſaid Arthur, fixing his eyes upon his maſter, ſticking his hands by his ſides, and lolling very coolly againſt the window, " that pretty crea- " ture I have juſt now ſeen is to be my " miſtreſs."

" You did get a ſight of the heireſs, " then ?" ſaid I.

" I fancy I was there or thereabouts," he replied. " You know I'm not apt " to uſe much ceremony, ſo finding the " houſe-door open I marched in, and " proceeded onwards till I came to the " ſervants' hall, where the gentlemen " and ladies of the lower regions were " all aſſembled at breakfaſt. Never " ſaw ſuch a damned ſet of quizzes in " my life—ſuch liveries—wouldn't have " put one of 'em upon my back on any

" consideration—no, damn me if I " would."

" Pshaw, curse the servants," said Egerton, " we don't want to hear about " them."

" With submission, my dear master, " I think you need not have cursed " the servants, neither; you'd have " made noise enough if they had cursed " you."

" Have done with your impertinence, " puppy, and go on."

" Aye to be sure, servants must always " be puppies, or dogs, or scoundrels, " or whatever their masters please to " call 'em."

" Never mind, never mind, Arthur," said I; " you know these are only " words of course. So the servants " were all assembled at breakfast?"

" Just so, Sir. Well, I gives your " note to one of the footmen to carry

" to

" to his miſtreſs, and then down I ſits " me by the window. ' A ſweet place " this,' ſays I. ' If the owner be as " beautiful as her houſe and gardens, " ſhe muſt be almoſt an angel.'—' She " is almoſt an angel,' anſwered one of " the fellows, not over and above po- " litely, and as if he thought I was " quizzing a bit or ſo—' She is almoſt " an angel, and ſo you'd think too, if you " knew her as well as we do.' I was " forced to look out at the window, " for fear he ſhould ſee me laugh; when " I beheld in the garden—mercy on " me! I ſhall never forget her!—a little " ugly, black-faced thing, with eye- " brows in a ſtrait line from one ſide " of her face to the other. ' Damn it, " brother,' ſays I, to a man that ſtood " by me, ' you've a deviliſh ugly " Abigail there to flirt with. By God, " if I were in your place I would'nt ſtay

" in

"in the houſe another moment, unleſs "my miſtreſs would get ſomething bet- "ter than ſhe.'—I was going on, but "happening to turn round, I ſaw the "fellow lighting up his ruſhlights, as if "he meant to ſet me and the whole "houſe too on fire.—'That the maid!' "ſaid he, 'why that's my miſtreſs her- 'ſelf, God bleſs her!—and if I hear any "more of your impertinence, Sir, I can "tell you I ſhall ſhew you the way out "of the door a little faſter than you "came in."

Egerton, not leſs incenſed than the man whoſe indignation Arthur had been ſo emphatically deſcribing, now flouriſhed his whip in the air, which had inevitably deſcended on the back and ſhoulders of the unfortunate valet, had he not dexterouſly eſcaped by a ſudden ſpring to the other ſide of the room, exclaiming,

"Patience!

" Patience! patience! my dear maſ-
" ter!—I own I was guilty of a ſort of
" a *lapſus linguæ*, but you ſhall hear
" how well I got upon my legs again.
" Inſtantly whipping out my glaſs, I
" gave a good ſtare through it; 'I beg
" pardon,' ſaid I, 'a thouſand times.
" I am ſo extremely ſhort-ſighted; but
" now I look again, I ſee ſhe is not ſo
" very ugly.' I ſhould have added
" more apology, but at that moment
" ſuch a lovely little roſy-cheeked blue-
" eyed lady of the bedchamber entered,
" that ſhe completely diverted my at-
" tention from every thing but herſelf.
" I ſwear my mouth watered plaguily
" for a kiſs. Take care, my dear maſ-
" ter, that you dont't fall in love with
" the maid, inſtead of the miſtreſs."

" I am not much afraid of that, for
" as 'tis not the lady's eyes, but her
" land, by which I am attracted, nothing
" but

" but superior charms of the same kind " could lead me astray, and those, I " presume are not to be found in the " maid. For the lady herself, I only " take her, like the buildings, as an " incumbrance to which I must submit, " or forego the land."

Orlando, will you not readily suppose that I was here visited by a qualm which had well nigh made me give up the whole business. Yet I looked at Harry, when the dread of oversetting his mind by opposition, after having myself been inadvertently the means of embarking him in the scheme, suppressed all other considerations, and I determined to proceed, in the full conviction that I had now involved myself too far to retract. In this I was the more confirmed when, Egerton's watchful eye having perceived my momentary abstraction, he said, with a suspicious

eagerness,

eagerneſs, "Lionel, I abſolutely pro-
"hibit all heſitation. From this mo-
"ment I am thee, and thou art me, or
"both are nothing."

"Ah! too well he knew his power. We dreſſed, and repaired to Campbell-Houſe; but what paſſed at our introduction muſt be reſerved for another opportunity. At preſent, adieu! and believe me,

Faithfully yours,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER V.

Lionel Stanhope *to* Orlando St. John.

Campbell-House, August 11.

Be this hour of leiſure, Orlando, devoted to the continuation of my narrative, after premiſing a few words on the houſe and its environs.

The ancient poſſeſſion of a very ancient family, all the characteriſtic features of its antiquity are ſtill retained in the manſion itſelf, though without doors the reins have been ſomewhat given to the modern propenſity for improvement. Nature, who, according to the taſte of the æra when the grounds were laid out, was then entirely baniſhed, has been in a conſiderable degree reſtored; and,

and, in truth, her complete reſtoration is the great improvement wanted in the place. But though much has been done, much ſtill remains undone. The little parterre, ſurrounded by the diminutive gravel walk, ſcarcely exceeding a foot in breadth, the allotted reſidence of ſome god or hero, exiſts no more; yet the god, or hero, obſtinately retains his ſituation, notwithſtanding the barriers which guarded his dominions are thrown down. Thus, half ancient, half modernized, the place may be called in the cryſalis ſtate, between the crawling ſolemnity of remote ages, and the fluttering foppery of the preſent day.

The entrance to the houſe is by a large old hall, and through this we were conducted into a ſaloon. As we entered it, we caught a tranſient glimpſe of a beautiful female going out at an

opposite door. The servant said his mistress was in the garden, and he would let her know that we were come. Thus left alone together, Egerton seized my arm:

"Heavens, Stanhope!" he exclaimed, "was ever such an angelic "vision seen!—Oh God! should that "lovely creature who just quitted the "room prove my intended bride, and "should it but appear that all the re-"reports circulated to her disadvantage "were only pretexts to keep unhal-"lowed gazers at a distance, would "there be a mortal on earth so blessed "as myself?—And why may it not be "so?"

"Because if you had been less atten-"tive to your angelic vision, and more "to what the servant said, you would "have learned that the heiress is now "in the garden. No, no, doubtless

"that

"that was Arthur's pretty Abigail; he "warned you to beware of her, and, "it ſhould ſeem, not without reaſon."

"Well, no matter, I care little about "her face, as long as report has but "been faithful with reſpect to her "fortune. But I ſay, Lionel, grand "alterations muſt be made before a "man of my taſte can think of paſſing "even a week at the place. That "magnanimous knight, with his beau- "teous Dulcinea, who greet all that "enter the hall with ſuch ſweet conde- "ſcending ſmiles, and who, I ſuppoſe, "are anceſtors of the illuſtrious houſe "of Campbell, muſt doubtleſs be tired "of remaining ſo long in the ſame ſpot, "ſo they ſhall be permitted to relax "themſelves by a walk up into the "garret."

"Whither, I ſuppoſe, the preſent "owner of the houſe, if ſhe have any

"inclination,

"inclination, will have free leave to
"follow them?"

"And a proper fupply of money to
"defray her travelling expences. The
"fine tapeftry too, which decorates the
"walls of this faloon, and which pro-
"bably is the handy-work of that very
"Dulcinea, fhall be of the party. That
"great mafculine overgrown Fame,
"who blows her trumpet in the faces
"of all that approach the manfion, fhall
"take herfelf to fome diftant region,
"to found forth the elegant reformations
"carrying on at Campbell-Houfe.
"Neptune and his tritons fhall return
"to the waves whence they came. Fair
"Venus fhall retire to her own Idalian
"groves—thofe hideous old-fafhioned
"liveries"—

"But fuppofe, after all, Harry," faid I, tapping him on the fhoulder, "the
"heirefs fhould reject your fuit?"

"Reject *my* ſuit?—the ſuit of a man
" with ſuch a perſon, ſuch an addreſs?—
" oh that's very likely."

"True,—experience has proved them
" perfectly irreſiſtible."

"Confound your ſarcaſtic tongue. But
" if they have not proved ſo irreſiſtible as
" I once thought them, you muſt at leaſt
" confeſs that I am never at a loſs for
" words. Then, if I only admire the
" taſte diſplayed in her houſe and grounds,
" and pay ſome well turned compliments to
" her beauty, ſince all perſons are moſt
" gratified at being complimented upon
" qualities which they are conſcious they
" do not poſſeſs, the game's my own.
" But, by God, ſhe comes! behold her at
" this moment aſcending the ſteps to this
" ſaloon! Heaven and earth, Stanhope,
" what do I behold!—ſhield me, ye pitying
" powers, from ſo horrid a ſpectacle!—
" I am confounded!—ſtruck dumb!"

And ſtruck dumb no leſs was I. The heireſs entered.—Notwithſtanding all that

I had heard I ſtarted at beholding her; I had no idea of a female face ſo plain. We looked like fools, ſtammered, heſitated. Egerton made a low bow, but though *never at a loſs for words*, could not utter a ſyllable. She ſoon, however, ſomewhat relieved our embarraſſment, by aſſuring us with a politeneſs, which I felt but too conſcious was wholly undeſerved on our part, that ſhe was particularly gratified by our viſit, and happy in being at laſt introduced to the ſon and nephew of a man whom ſhe had ſo long known, and whom ſhe ſo highly reſpected.

Somewhat encouraged by the eaſe and frankneſs of her manner, I was on the point of making my grateful acknowledgments for her hoſpitality, when ſhe ſpoiled all again, by enquiring which of us ſhe was to addreſs as Mr. Egerton, and which as Mr. Stanhope. "Though" ſhe added, turning to me, "I think that queſtion al-"most ſuperfluous, ſince your ſtrong re-

" ſemblance, Sir, to the worthy Sir Francis, " ſpeaks you at once his ſon."

I felt the blood inſtantly ruſh into my face, and was on the point of confirming her conjecture, when Egerton, alarmed, replied without bluſh or heſitation: " Par- " don me, Madam, 'tis not ſurpriſing that " ſuch an inference ſhould be drawn; yet, " however natural it may appear, in this " inſtance it is erroneous, ſince 'tis I who " have the honour of being heir to Sir " Francis Stanhope."

Now, I thought, we are embarked indeed, and nothing remains but to put the beſt face poſſible upon the matter. I therefore began making my acknowledgments, though very awkwardly, for the obliging reception given us; but Egerton, not ſatisfied with my performance, took upon himſelf to be ſpokeſman, and with a kind apology for my awkwardneſs, obſerved that I was always ſhy before ſtrangers, " and no won- " der," he added, " that my couſin ſhould " at the preſent moment be more parti-

"cularly embarraſſed, by reflecting that "he is in the company of a lady ſo highly "and ſo juſtly celebrated as Miſs Camp- "bell."

I was really aſtoniſhed at his aſſurance, and could not forbear earneſtly ſurveying Oliva, to ſee what effect it produced upon her. She fixed her eyes upon him with a ſcrutiniſing attention, which, methought, ſeemed to ſay: "Can this really be the ſon "of Sir Francis Stanhope? What a con- "traſt are his manners to thoſe of his fa- "ther! If the latter may ſometimes ap- "pear to want a higher degree of poliſh, "yet how far preferable is his blunt un- "varniſhed honeſty, to this florid fulſome "ſtrain of compliment."

Whether ſuch were in truth her ſenti- ments, I will not pretend poſitively to de- termine; I only know, that they certainly were mine, and we are always very ready to ſuppoſe, that what we think ourſelves muſt be the opinion of others. After duly ſurveying Egerton, ſhe turned to me

and ſaid, "I am very ſorry, Sir, that any "one ſhould find cauſe of embarraſſment "in my houſe; my wiſh and endeavour is "to eſtabliſh perfect eaſe among my "gueſts. Of this I hope you will ſoon be "convinced, and no longer experience "ſenſations no leſs painful to me than to "yourſelf."

Hitherto, I muſt confeſs, nothing had paſſed that beſpake the abſolute fool. I pauſed a few moments, expecting Egerton to purſue the converſation; but as he was ſilently ſurveying his future domains, and ſeemed totally abſorbed for a while in the contemplation of them, I found I muſt take that upon myſelf, and I began to make various obſervations upon the country in general, to which I ſaid I was till now a perfect ſtranger, and which appeared to me extremely beautiful. Then I proceeded to expatiate particularly on the environs of Campbell-Houſe, and paid them ſome compliments, of which, indeed, I think them highly deſerving. Olivia

ſeemed pleaſed, and ſaid, that when her plans were completed, ſhe hoped the grounds would be pretty; "at preſent," ſhe added, "I cannot ſay much in their "behalf."

"How can you be ſo unjuſt, Madam," ſaid Egerton awakened from his reverie, "to the ſweeteſt ſpot that art and na-"ture ever combined to form upon this "habitable globe. Not the far-famed "groves of the Heſperides, nor the little "paradiſaic iſland of the ſemi-goddeſs "Calypſo, no nor even the gardens of "Elyſium themſelves, could diſplay a "finer *coup-d'œil* than I behold at this "moment, inferior in beauty only to its "owner."

"You mortify me, Mr. Stanhope," ſhe replied. "I had flattered myſelf that "this ſpot was capable of great im-"provement, but you teach me in few "words the vanity of ſuch an idea, by "aſſuring me, that the place itſelf is leſs "beautiful than its owner."

A reproof ſo ſevere, for a few moments abaſhed even Egerton; for myſelf, never did I feel ſo little in my own eyes, while our tormentor looked with a triumphant ſneer, firſt at the one, then at the other. But Egerton's repulſe was only momentary, and though a bluſh did overſpread his cheek, he would not alter his tone.

"This humility," he ſaid, "does but "place exalted merit in a more amiable "point of view. Perhaps I deſerved ſome "reproof, ſince through an involuntary "impulſe of admiration, I fear I had "uſed expreſſions bordering upon extra- "vagance. But who can be acquainted "with the widely-extended circuit over "which the ſun of Miſs Campbell's "bounty ſheds its genial beams, and "not be ready, like the Perſians, to wor- "ſhip what confers ſuch bleſſings upon "mankind."

"Mr. Stanhope, this ſtrain of flattery "may ſuit courts, but in the country we

" are vulgar enough to prefer the language
" of the heart."

" Which I truly uſe. Though till this
" moment not perſonally known to you,
" Madam, yet who can be a ſtranger to
" Miſs Campbell's character? Her vir-
" tues, her accompliſhments, her charity,
" her generoſity, are the ſubjects of uni-
" verſal panegyric; they are known and
" admired in the remoteſt provinces of
" the kingdom; the trump of Fame—"

" Blew them in our faces as we ap-
" proached the manſion," I whiſpered Harry, whoſe harangue was ſuddenly interrupted by the entrance of Miſs Belgrave, which gave Olivia an opportunity of turning away from us; and ſhe did ſo, not without an appearance of extreme indignation, while I felt ſo chagrined, ſo mortified, that I could gladly have run away from myſelf.

Miſs Belgrave ſtarted as ſhe entered, and her face was in a moment ſuffuſed with the

the deepeſt ſcarlet, as if altogether abaſhed at the ſight of two ſtrangers. Timidity like this, if it increaſe not the luſtre of beauty, at leaſt gives it additional intereſt; but Harriot Belgrave wants not ſuch adventitious aid to make an indelible impreſſion upon every beholder, for ſhe is lovelineſs perſonified. Olivia introduced us to her, of courſe calling me Mr. Egerton, and Harry Mr. Stanhope. Again the angelic creature ſtarted, and looked alternately at the one and the other, as if petrified with aſtoniſhment, but ſtill ſhe ſpake not. All this was to me utterly incomprehenſible, and ſo tremblingly alive am I to the leaſt idea of detection, that my fancy immediately tortured me with the apprehenſion of our being known to her, and that ſhe was about to publiſh the impoſture.

But this terror was momentary, and her ſubſequent behaviour convinced me that exceſs of timidity was the cauſe of all.

Beauty in cities and courts inſpires confidence, and challenges admiration; beauty in ſecluſion only increaſes diffidence, and ſhrinks abaſhed within itſelf, unable to face the attention it excites.

In a few minutes Mr. Beauchamp was added to the company, when Olivia propoſed a walk, a propoſal which I was very glad to embrace, ſince I hoped to breathe more freely in the open air; or, to ſpeak more plainly, I felt ſo thoroughly embarraſſed, that any change ſeemed preferable to remaining in the ſame ſituation another moment.

Harry here giving the reins to his imagination, began to indulge in even bolder flights of rhapſody and hyperbole than before. "Well," thought I, "thou certainly haſt a mind, my good couſin, to be kicked out of the houſe before thou haſt been in it two full hours." But, to my utter aſtoniſhment, the more his extravagance encreaſed, the leſs offenſive did it appear to his fair auditor; nay, before the

the walk was at an end, ſhe evidently liſtened with as much pleaſure as he harangued; ſo that at laſt I could not forbear aſſenting to his favourite axiom, that there is no flattery too groſs for a woman, provided a man underſtands the art of adminiſtering it properly.

Egerton and Olivia being thus engroſſed with each other, I was compelled to attach myſelf to Mr. Beauchamp and Harriot Belgrave, both of whom I found converſible and agreeable, and I was pleaſed to find that the exceſſive timidity of the latter gradually ſubſided.

So much, Orlando, for my ſecond diſpatches from Campbell-Houſe. 'Tis a heavy taſk which you have impoſed on

Yours very ſincerely,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

LETTER VI.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-House, August 12.

ORLANDO, what a busy fool have I been! How I could curse the ill-fated planet that ruled my destiny when I planned our present adventure! In what a labyrinth of perplexities have I involved myself, from which I see no possibility of being extricated with credit, while, instead of alleviating, I have only increased poor Harry's sufferings.

An unfortunate idea has taken possession of his soul, that Harriot Belgrave is the living image of his long-lost Emily, and this sometimes tortures him almost to madness. Whether or not there be any foundation for the idea, I who never saw Emily, cannot judge; but I endeavour to persuade him,

him, that the reſemblance is the mere creature of his own imagination, like many others which he has at various times diſcovered. Alas! I urge this in vain!—All others he allows to have been ideal; but this, this alone is real, nor can he live without her. Yet in a moment after he burſts into a rhapſody about Olivia and her fortune, dwelling wildly on the tranſports he ſhall experience when the latter is fully and abſolutely in his poſſeſſion.

Yeſterday, when Olivia and Harriot quitted the room after dinner, I could not forbear making ſome paſſionate remarks on Harriot's beauty, which, I ſaid, far exceeded any thing I had ever ſeen: Beauchamp immediately replied, "She is, in-
"deed, the moſt lovely of women; and
"what enhances the value of her perſonal
"charms immeaſureably is, that her man-
"ners and diſpoſition may be pronounced,
"without exaggeration, as amiable as her
"face and form are enchanting. Two
"ſuch

" ſuch hearts as hers and Miſs Campbell's
" rarely meet."

" And if Miſs Campbell be not abſo-
" lutely her equal in perſonal attractions,"
ſaid Egerton, " yet I muſt ſay that I think
" her plainneſs has been groſsly exagger-
" ated; for though ſhe cannot be called
" ſtrictly handſome, yet in the *toût-enſemble*
" of her countenance there is ſomething
" extremely pleaſing."

Beauchamp turned towards him haſtily—
he ſeemed to think that this could only be
ſpoken in irony, and was diſpoſed to be
very angry; but as no appearance of ſar-
caſm was to be perceived either in Harry's
countenance or manner, the reproof quiver-
ing on Beauchamp's tongue was ſuppreſſed,
and he ſaid calmly,

" Can ſuch be your real ſentiments,
" Sir?—Yet wherefore not?—Taſtes are
" various; nor can any thing be more
" abſurd than for one perſon to pretend to
" judge for another in theſe matters."

This

This obſervation was the prologue to a very long and elaborate diſcuſſion between Meſſieurs Egerton and Beauchamp, upon taſte and opinion, their endleſs varieties and changeful forms, in which much able argument was produced on both ſides, illuſtrated by a profuſion of beautiful similies and appropriate metaphors. For all this at leaſt I gave them credit; but I cannot ſay that I attended to them very cloſely, ſince my mind was ſo entirely occupied by the lovely object who had occaſioned the diſcuſſion, by the angelic Harriot herſelf, that I could not attend to any thing elſe. Her appearance in the garden ſoon after, with Olivia, drew my perſon, as well as my attention, away from the rhetoricians; nor did they remain long together after I quitted them, but ſoon alſo joined the ladies.

Egerton immediately took his poſt by the heireſs's ſide, and ſoon began talking in his uſual ſtrain. He ingeniouſly introduced ſeveral oblique hints that the place was too large

for

for one solitary inhabitant, and that the fair owner was very cruel to his sex, in not selecting some worthy object to share with her the cares of managing so large a fortune; interspersing many sapient reflections on the forlorn and disagreeable situation of single unprotected females, particularly when they happened to be encumbered with a large property.

Olivia listened attentively, but replied not either to his hints or remonstrances. She sometimes smiled, but whether *at* or *with* her swain I was at a loss to determine. He, however, seemed well content with her reception of his advances, since, as we were left together for a few minutes between the conclusion of our walk and the entrance of tea,

" Don't you think Li.", he said, " that
" I go on well?—I play my part admi-
" rably, you must allow. If I can but
" keep up the farce for a week, I shall by
" that time be absolute master of all this
" fair Venus's rich domains. Then adieu

" to

" to the bowers of love, and away to the " delights of ſome elegant watering place."

" So then fortune has now the aſcend- " ancy ?—'Tis not many hours ſince the " lovely Harriot Belgrave was all in all— " ſhe was the ſole object of your wiſhes— " you would ſigh out your ſoul at her feet ; " and, flying with her to ſome ſequeſtered " ſpot, ſacred alone to love and ſoft deſire, " there, far from the unhallowed eyes of " leſs enamoured mortals, live in tranſ- " ports that gods themſelves might envy."

" Oh Stanhope! Stanhope! forbear!" he cried. " What a picture haſt thou " drawn!—how tranſporting, could it be " realized!—how agonizing, ſince it can " only exiſt in idea!—Why, why would " you conjure up ſuch a phantom to tor- " ment me?—Away with it!—I cannot " purſue it—you know I cannot—for how " then are the mouths of hundreds of " gaping creditors to be ſtopped?—No; " though I almoſt loath the ſight of ſuch

" a piece

"a piece of deformity as Olivia, yet I
"muſt and will have her!"

"Loath her, Harry?—How can that
"be, when you know that, though not
"ſtrictly handſome, yet the *tout-enſemble*
"of her countenance is altogether pleaſ-
"ing."

"Curſe your ſneers!—Oh fortune!
"fortune! thou art blind indeed, to
"ſhower thy bleſſings in ſuch profuſion
"on ſo uncouth a form, and leave in in-
"digence one of the brighteſt gems that
"ever ornamented this lower world!"

"Upon my word that was a very fine
"flouriſh, but unfortunately thrown away
"here with nobody to liſten to it. Trea-
"ſure it up, however,—it will do admirably
"for Olivia, ſince a gem may have as
"rough and uncouth an outſide as ſhe has,
"yet 'tis a gem ſtill, and there is no occaſion
"to ſpecify whether you mean the ſimile
"before, or after, it has paſſed through the
"hands of the beautifier."

"No

"No more of this ill-timed raillery, I "intreat, Lionel.—'Tis barbarous thus to "goad a heart already tortured like mine, "ſtruggling between the intolerable preſ- "ſure of bitter ſelf-incurred neceſſity, and "a paſſion which I could almoſt call a re- "vival of what has coſt me ſo many hours "of miſery. Oh God!—Oh God!—am "I never again to know repoſe?"

He ſtamped with his foot upon the ground; he ſtruck his hands upon his forehead; his whole frame trembled; he ſeemed overpowered with the conflict. I was vexed with myſelf, for I found that the matter was more ſerious than I had apprehended. Still I thought it was better, if poſſible, to laugh it off; and I ſaid,

"Come, come, Harry, conſider not the "matter ſo deeply. This is not a time to "give way to gloom and deſpondency. "That long face will never do for a lover. "Cheer up, then, and be not ſo like an "April day, one moment all gloom, the "next all ſunſhine."

"Stanhope,

"Stanhope," he replied ſolemnly and emphatically, "if my countenance and "manner do ſometimes wear the appear-"ance of thoughtleſs levity, believe me "they form an unfaithful index to a heart "conſtantly racked with tormenting re-"flections. I flew to diſſipation to chace "from my boſom a poiſon that corroded "it; but in extirpating that, I have "planted a thorn which will rankle there "for ever. What will be the end of all, "the powers above only know—unleſs "I ſucceed in my preſent attempt, there "is but one ſtep left, and that"—

The entrance of Beauchamp ſtopped him ſhort, but I had heard enough to fill me with the moſt ſerious and dreadful apprehenſions. There is but one ſtep left if he fail of obtaining Olivia!—Oh! St. John, can we doubt what was then paſſing in his mind?

And yet, how was I aſtoniſhed when, notwithſtanding the agitation in which I had juſt beheld him—notwithſtanding the

fatal

fatal ideas of ſelf-deſtruction over which his ſoul was evidently brooding, yet the moment that Beauchamp joined us he became perfectly calm and compoſed, and entered into converſation with him firſt, and afterwards with the ladies, with as much eaſe and vivacity as if his gaiety had never received a moment's interruption.

What wonderful ſelf-command!—Yet I am by no means ſatisfied about him. The dark hints he threw out dwell upon my mind; and while I meditate only upon them, I ſeem juſtified to myſelf in ſuffering our project to proceed, as a laſt deſperate effort to heal the wounds in his fortune, and, through them, thoſe in his mind. At other times, when not wholly engroſſed by this ſubject, I become a prey to the bittereſt pangs of ſelf-reproach; and, taking a retroſpect of my ſituation, I can ſcarcely perſuade myſelf that I am the ſame Lionel Stanhope who once piqued himſelf ſo highly upon his honour and integrity, and made it his pride and boaſt that, though

the world might juftly charge him with innumerable follies, he never could be accufed of an act of deliberate bafenefs.

On one thing, however, I am firmly refolved; Olivia fhall not be *deceived* into an union with Egerton. She feems pleafed with his attentions, and I fufpect already confiders him with fome degree of partiality. I will not therefore interpofe immediately, but fuffer the impreffion to gain ftrength for a few days, till I fee reafon to hope that attachment to the man may plead powerfully againft indignation at the impofture. Then fhall fhe know all; and if, after that, fhe yield to his fuit, it will be done with her eyes open, while I fhall have gone to the utmoft length that confcience will permit for the fervice of my friend.

And oh that he may ultimately prove fuccefsful! for I do from my foul believe it might be a means of reftoring him to the height from which he has fallen. 'Tis true that hitherto he has appeared to have no other idea but of fquandering away

Olivia's

Olivia's fortune, by the like courſe of diſſipation that exhauſted his own. Still I think, if freed from the preſſure of his preſent incumbrances, that there are latent principles of goodneſs in his heart which might at length re-conduct him into the paths of honour and happineſs. Then would I endeavour to perſuade myſelf that the end obtained would ſanctify the means uſed—though this, I own, is wretched morality, and will not bear to be dwelt upon.

But in the accompliſhment of this very deſirable alteration, much after all, muſt depend upon his wife, and what Olivia's real character is, I am at a loſs to determine. In the world it is ſo various, that from common report nothing ſatisfactory can be collected. If I may believe my father, her equal is ſcarcely to be found on earth for true benevolence, ſtrength of underſtanding, and cultivation of mind, all which is ſtrongly corroborated by Beauchamp. Both theſe ought to be good judges; yet ſome things which have fallen

under

under my obſervation lead me to doubt very much whether the ſuperiority aſcribed to her underſtanding be altogether juſt, or whether it may not principally originate in the undoubted ſuperiority of her fortune. Of this I ſhall be a better judge upon a longer acquaintance. For the preſent, adieu! and believe me,

Your faithfully affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER VII.

Jeremiah Smith *to* Sir Francis Stanhope.

Scarborough, Auguſt 12.

Honoured Sir, my ever dear Maſter,

This is with my duty to you, and I hope your honour will not pleaſe to be offended with me for ſending theſe few lines, hoping they will meet you and my lady in good health, as, thank God, I am at this preſent time of writing; and ſo I hope is my young maſter, but he is not here at preſent, God bleſs him.

Sir, I hope your honour will not be angry, but I don't like the goings on of Maſter Lionel at all, and I thought it was better to let your honour know on it, being that the longer it goes on the worſer it will be. To be ſure, your honour, there had been a great deal of writing between

Mafter Lionel and his coufin, Harry Egerton, before he and Mufter Sin-John fet off together from your honour's at Kilverton, for to go to Scarborough; which, to be fure, I did not much like it, becaufe your honour knows that your honour's nephew, Mufter Harry Egerton, is but a flippery kind of a chap, and not fit company for my young mafter. I beg your honour's pardon for fpeaking fo difrefpectfully of your honour's nephew, but what's true is true; and your honour were always fo kind for to like that all your farvents fhould fpeak truth, which to be fure it was always a great pleafure to me, being that I hates to tell a lie, becaufe, your honour, its my thought that a lie's a lie, let who's will tell it, and they as will lie about trifles, its odds if they don't do worfer things fome day or another.

And to be fure, your honour, I were grieved enough about Mafter Lionel, for when we were got to Doncafter he were all for fhuffling me off, and it almoft broke

my

my poor old heart for to think that he ſhould ever want to get rid of honeſt Jerry, as his goodneſs pleaſes to call me. For your honour knows that I and my poor wife that's dead and gone, God reſt her ſoul! knew Maſter Lionel from the firſt moment as he was born; and we uſed to dandle him upon our knees, and loved him all to one as thof he had been our own child, being that your honour knows it niver pleaſed God that we ſhould have none of our own. And Maſter Lionel always ſeemed to fare ſo fond of us like; and your honour knows that your honour would have ſet us up in one of your honour's farms, but that we did'nt chuſe, being that I didn't like for to think of leaving Maſter Lionel, and ſo, bleſs his heart, he let me be his ſarvent ſtill; and it was always good Jerry do this, and dear Jerry do that, ſo kind and ſo effectionate like. And then he was always ſo careful about me when we was out a journeying together, and ſo fearful like that I ſhould get tired

with riding, being that I was growing into years; and your honour won't pleafe for to wonder that I were almoft broken-hearted for to think that he fhould fend me on to Scarborough with Mufter Sin-John, while he ftayed behind at Doncafter to wait for that flippery chap, Harry Egerton.

And moreover too, your honour, Mafter Lionel feemed to fare as how he pretended he did not know as he fhould go at all to fee Madam Olivia Campbell; and, your honour, it make me quite onket for to think that he fhould pretend fo, for to be fure, your honour, I know for fartin as he is now at Campbell-Houfe, and therefore, to be fure, it were but a kind of a lie like for to pretend that he fhouldn't go there. And to be fure I niver could have thought that Mafter Lionel would have done no fuch a thing, but its my thought that 'tis all Harry Egerton that's to be thanked for it; for, your honour, he's now along with young mafter at Madam's; and what is worfeft of all is, that my young mafter,

God

God love him, have changed names with Harry Egerton, that he may court Madam Olivia as your honour's ſon, and make a hand of her fortin like as he did of his own.

And this, your honour, I knows to be every word true, being that to-day, and I hope your honour will forgive me, when Muſter Sin-John was out after a young lady that its my belief he goes a courting to, I happened to go into his room, and there I ſees a letter upon the table, which I knowed it at once to be my young maſter's writing, becauſe your honour knows that I can tell his writing equel as thof it were my own, being as I have knowed him from the firſt moment as iver he took a pen into his dear little hand. So I takes up the letter and kiſſes it; and to be ſure I had ſuch a longing deſire to know how Maſter Lionel did, and how he were a going on, that I did peep into the letter, God forgive me, which I own your honour it were not right, and there I ſeed how that

Harry Egerton hoped to be married to young madam very ſoon; ſo I thought it beſt to let your honour know all about it, hoping your honour will forgive me for peeping into the letter: which is all at preſent, and I pray God bleſs your honour, and my lady, and Maſter Lionel, who am your honour's

Faithful ſarvent at command,

JEREMIAH SMITH.

LETTER VIII.

ORLANDO ST. JOHN *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Scarborough, August 13.

En verité, my dear Stanhope, thy laſt communication ſavoured more of the ſermon than the epiſtle: and I did give one, two, three, monſtrous yawns, before I came to the concluſion. But I think, thou ſuffering ſaint, that I can adminiſter a drop of balſam to thy agitated boſom—*ecoutez donc.*

In the circle of beauty and faſhion now inhaling ſea breezes in this northern latitude, is a *petite enchantereſſe* from our ſiſter kingdom of Ireland, Charlotte O'Brien by name, who is well acquainted with Olivia, and a relation of the Belgraves. She is in the party of a Mr. and Mrs. Tichfield, once perſons of fortune, but now a little in

the caſe of *le pauvre Henri.* So great a ſympathy indeed is there between them and our friend, that they too have caſt their eyes on Olivia's fortune, as the means of repairing their own, and for this purpoſe have planned an union between her and their only ſon, an officer in the guards. Not that a hint of this intention has yet been given to the lady, but, to render more perfect the reſemblance between them and Harry, they too think that 'tis only "*aſk* "*and ye ſhall have*;" ſo apprehend nothing farther neceſſary than to arrange matters for the wedding according to their own convenience, and then announce their intentions to the future bride.

When I heard theſe particulars, I aſked Charlotte whether ſhe thought this plan was likely to ſucceed or not?—She laughed at the very idea of its ſucceſs, as ſhe ſays that Olivia is uncommonly acute, and immediately penetrates all ſuch deſigns, when ſhe never fails to expoſe the planners of them to deſerved contempt. So much for thee and

Harry,

Harry, Lionel. However, thou canſt not fail of receiving conſolation from the conviction that Harry is encountered on equal ground, and that Olivia will herſelf take care not to be *deceived* into the match.

I aſked Charlotte farther, whether ſhe did not think there was a probability of the friendſhip between Olivia and Mr. Beauchamp ending in a match? for in truth, Lionel, from your account, I thought him very likely to be the Jaſon who would at laſt carry off the golden fleece. She ſays this is a queſtion which ſhe really cannot anſwer. She thinks that a ſtrong attachment exiſts between them, but that 'tis rather the affection of a brother and ſiſter than any thing elſe; 'tis probable indeed that a nearer connection is not the idea of either, ſince if it had been, no reaſon appears why it ſhould not have taken place long ago. From many circumſtances that have fallen under her obſervation, ſhe inclines ſtrongly to the opinion that Olivia

never will marry at all, or if ſhe ſhould, that the perſon who ſtands the beſt chance with her is a half-pay enſign, by name Ryder, whom misfortune firſt introduced to her notice, and who is now a frequent viſitor at Campbell House.

Mais que vois je?—By heaven 'tis Charlotte herſelf walking upon the beach!—Stanhope, I go!—I fly!—adieu.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Poor Jerry has been ſadly downcaſt ever ſince his ſeparation from you, and is perpetually enquiring when you will be here. I am ſometimes apprehenſive leſt, in his anxiety to ſee you, he ſhould give me the ſlip, and fly with the ſpeed of a lover into your arms. 'Tis a worthy old ſoul as ever lived.

LETTER IX.

Sir Francis Stanhope *to* Jeremiah Smith.

Kilverton, Auguſt 14.

Honeſt Jerry,

I received thy letter, and thank thee kindly for thy attention to my poor boy, who I am ſorry to hear has diſgraced himſelf ſo ſadly. But I am determined to bring him to ſhame, and have been planning in my head how it ſhall be managed.

In the mean time, Jerry, I would have thee come to me at Kilverton, becauſe I ſhall like to have thee with me, the more to ſhame my dear boy, that he could deſert his old friend. I therefore wiſh thee, upon receipt of this, to ſet out from Scarborough, and I will contrive ſo that

Li. ſhall not know why I have ſent for thee.

But I cannot ſay it was right in thee, Jerry, to peep into a letter. I do not commend thee for that, honeſt Jerry; nevertheleſs, as thou didſt happen to be guilty of ſuch a fault, it was very right of thee to let me know of my boy's tricks. Ah! I have often warned him againſt his couſin Egerton. Li., ſays I, my dear child, take care of *evil communications*, for they *corrupt good manners*. But he was always willing to excuſe his couſin's faults, and I thought he had ſuch an honeſt heart himſelf that he never would do much amiſs; and I hope now, Jerry, that we ſhall ſoon reclaim him.

Thy miſtreſs and I, thank God, are both very well for perſons of our years, and all the family deſire to be remembered to thee. Poor Thunder is much better, and I hope at laſt he will rally again, but Roan I am afraid will never come out of the ſtable any more.

I encloſe

I enclose this in another letter, which may be ſhewn to Mr. St. John, as a reaſon for thy ſetting off immediately.

I am, honeſt Jerry,

thy ſincere friend,

FRANCIS STANHOPE.

LETTER X.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-Houſe, Auguſt 16.

ORLANDO, you cannot ſurely have forgotten a very amuſing evening, which ſome three or four years ago, Harry, and you, and I, paſſed together at Coachmakers' Hall, when my youthful boſom burning for diſtinction as an orator, urged me to make an eſſay of my rhetorical powers in that celebrated ſchool.

The queſtion for the evening was in ſubſtance, for I will not pretend to remember the exact words, "Whether there "be any reaſon, either from experience, "or upon ſpeculation, to believe that the "Creator employs evil ſpirits as agents to "incite men to the commiſſion of crimes,

"for the accomplishment of important "purposes of his own?"

Much talent for argument was on this occasion displayed by many of the orators, to whom I listened with attention, and even sometimes with admiration. At length I rose myself, in reply to a speaker who had been strenuously supporting the agency of the infernal ministers, and in a speech of considerable length refuted all his arguments with true logical precision, proving, to my own entire satisfaction, and, as I did not doubt, equally to the satisfaction and conviction of my audience, from whom I received unbounded applause, that to suppose a deity employing evil spirits to lead mankind astray, or even to conceive that he permits their interposition, was supposing a God as diabolical as the prince of darkness himself, or even more so, and that the thing therefore was in its nature impossible.

But now, without investigating how far it may or may not be consistent with our ideas

of perfect benevolence, for the Deity occasionally to ſend the little winged Mercuries of his Satanic majeſty, to incite us, poor worried mortals, to ſome little ſnug piece of miſchief, I do poſitively pronounce that this is done. Yes, confident am I that one of theſe agents muſt have been concealed at the bottom of my ink-glaſs, and, perhaps, another have lain perdue within the hollow of my pen, when I wrote to Harry propoſing this accurſed ſcheme, otherwiſe an idea ſo baſe, ſo infamous, could not have entered my head.

For, oh St. John! 'tis an accurſed ſcheme indeed, and the farther I proceed in it, the more accurſed does it appear. What unaccountable apathy muſt have poſſeſſed my ſoul, that in the many days which intervened

> Between the acting of this dreadful thing
> And the firſt motion,

It ſhould never have been viſited by any ſenſations of remorſe, that no doubts ſhould ever have been awakened in my mind as to the

the rectitude of our plan, nor even a diſtant ſuggeſtion have obtruded itſelf upon me, that though I might by this means be releaſed from importunities I had long found ſo haraſſing and irkſome, I ſhould raiſe up to myſelf diſquietudes ten thouſand times more corroding, and never to be baniſhed again by any time or penitence.

Yet is my mind in one reſpect leſs haraſſed than when I wrote to you laſt, ſince my alarms on Harry's account are nearly removed. Harriot Belgrave is gone to ſpend ſome time with a friend about ten or twelve miles from Campbell-Houſe; and ſeeing her no longer, Harry thinks of her no more, but devoted to his purſuit of the heireſs, is too much tranſported with the idea of poſſeſſing her fortune, ever to experience a qualm reſpecting the means by which 'tis to be obtained.

But though in this point of view I find Harriot's abſence a great relief to my anxieties, in another it but increaſes them. Her departure was ſudden and myſterious, nor

was a hint of her intention given, till the chariot was at the door to carry her away. In vain do I ſeek a reaſon for a procedure ſo abrupt; none can I find. I am only loſt in a maze of conjectures, and am ready to ſurmiſe a hundred diſagreeable private reaſons for it, becauſe no ſatisfactory public one appears.

Indeed, the loſs of her ſociety alone is to me a ſource of deep regret, for, upon my ſoul, ſhe has made a moſt powerful impreſſion on my heart, as well as upon Harry's. There is a ſoft melancholy about her, which adds a peculiar intereſt to features approaching to perfection, and gives the moſt enchanting tone of expreſſion to a countenance almoſt too intereſting without it. I have no doubt that my talkative landlady at the Campbell Arms, was accurate, in repreſenting her as the child of misfortune! Lovely creature! why muſt ſhe be thus perſecuted? Among our ſex, my friend, how often, how generally, are our diſtreſſes, our mortifications, ſelf-incurred!

curred! Yet woman, lovely woman, guiltless herself, is commonly the greater mark for the arrows of affliction.

But if I go on thus, I shall be reproached again with having occasioned you one, two, three, or more yawns. To iudulge in this sermonizing vein, was not what I intended on taking up my pen; my purpose was to have devoted my letter to narrative alone, but these reflections crossed me, and would not be suppressed. Not that I lack matter for narrative, I am rather overpowered with a super-abundance of it. I must tell you of my own distresses, of Olivia's virtues, of Olivia's follies; on all and each of these subjects I could fill whole sheets. Such a compound of the opposite qualities alluded to as my hostess, never fell under my observation before. The nonsense she talks to Egerton is inconceivable, and whoever listens to it must suppose her the fool he wishes; yet read, and then pronounce her a fool, if you can.

Unable to ſleep, I quitted my bed early this morning, and was tempted by the delicious freſhneſs of the air to enjoy it in a ſolitary and contemplative walk. I bent my courſe to a gate in the garden, which I had obſerved the day before, and which ſeemed to lead into a wood ſo charming and romantic, that I longed to explore it. After I had purſued a meandering path for about half a mile, I came to a lawn, one ſide of which was occupied by two very neat Gothic cottages, with each a garden and conveniences for keeping pigs, poultry, and a cow. They looked like the true abodes of ſimple ruſtic happineſs; yet as I ſtood contemplating them, ſounds of diſcord and fierce altercation ſeemed to iſſue from the neareſt. I liſtened, and immediately diſtinguiſhed Olivia's voice ſoothing ſome perſon in diſtreſs, and Beauchamp's ſaying in an authoritative tone, "Will you "leave the houſe quietly, or muſt I be com-"pelled to uſe force? for here you remain "not another inſtant."

"Force

"Force me out if you can," anſwered a ſavage brutal voice. "What does ſuch a "baggage mean by making all this racket; "ſhe is mine, and I will have her."

On this a ſcuffle enſued, which occaſioned a violent ſhriek from a female in a tone of mingled anguiſh and terror. I heſitated for a moment whether to interfere or not, but I thought I had heard enough not only to juſtify, but to demand my offers of aſſiſtance. I accordingly entered the houſe, when I beheld at the farther end of the room, a young woman, with a looſe gown thrown haſtily on, ſitting in a chair in extreme agitation, while Olivia and an elderly woman were endeavouring to ſoothe and compoſe her. Nearer the door, were Beauchamp and another man trying to force out of the houſe a ſtout ſavage-looking fellow, the author of all the diſturbance, and who ſo ably reſiſted their efforts, that without my interpoſition they had probably been foiled. With my aſſiſtance, however, he was ſoon dragged out upon the lawn,

lawn, ſwearing and ſtorming at us all the time for a pack of cowardly raſcals, to ſet three upon one. But on me his rage was more particularly vented, as he ſaid he was confident he could have managed the other two, ſpite of all their bluſtering and ſwaggering.

A little boy from the neighbouring cottage was now diſpatched into the village for the conſtable, to whom the culprit was conſigned, with orders that he ſhould appear before the Juſtice at twelve o'clock, that the law might take its proper courſe againſt him; and this ſettled, Beauchamp propoſed our walking home together by a very pleaſant circuit he would ſhew me, to which I gladly aſſented.

We had not proceeded far before he began: " Among the numberleſs inſtances " of Miſs Campbell's benevolence, which " all who know her are daily witneſſing, " none in my opinion does greater honour " to her head and heart, than the patron-

" age

"age ſhe has extended to thoſe two un-
"fortunate women."

"There is ſomething particular in their "ſtory, then?" ſaid I.

"Not very particular," anſwered Beauchamp, "the circumſtance that rendered "them objects of compaſſion, is alas! far "from ſingle in its kind. Mrs. Morgan "and Lucy are the widow and daughter of "a poor curate in Wales, and the man "from whoſe brutality we reſcued them, "is a booby ſquire by name Owen, who "lived in their neighbourhood, and who, "like many other ſquires, holds it as a "principal article of his creed, that women "were created only as toys for the men "to ſport with, and caſt from them at "pleaſure. Under a promiſe of marriage, "which he never intended to fulfil, he ſe-"duced this poor girl. He kept her for "about half a year, frequently amuſing "her with fixing a day for the completion "of their union, but before its arrival con-"ſtantly deferring the marriage upon ſome

"trifling

" trifling pretext, till at length tired of " her, he turned her out of doors ruined " and pennyleſs.

" In this deplorable ſituation ſhe ſought " ſhelter again under her father's roof, who " received his loſt child with open arms, but " with a breaking heart. The frowns of " fortune he had borne with patience and " reſignation, but his philoſophy was not " proof againſt the keener anguiſh of " wounded honour. Not a ſmile had il- " lumined his features, nor a ray of plea- " ſure beamed on his heart, ſince the mo- " ment he heard of his Lucy's diſgrace.

" To ſee her return a penitent, was a " balſam that ſoothed, though it came too " late to heal his ſorrows. It could not " ſnatch him from the path along which " he was haſtening to the tomb, but it " removed ſome of the thorns that were " goading him as he paſſed on. He lived " juſt to know that his unhappy daughter " was delivered of a ſtill-born ſon, and " then expired in prayers to heaven that

" her

"her fault might be forgiven, and not "prove an obſtacle to her gaining an "honeſt livelihood in future.

"Vain prayers! A father might forgive "ſuch an error,—it could not be forgiven "by the world. Lucy, recovered from "her confinement, firſt endeavoured to "get into ſervice, but her *virtuous* neigh- "bours unanimouſly agreed that it would "be an impeachment of their own cha- "racters to admit ſuch a woman into their "houſes. She then attempted to take in "needle-work and waſhing, but who "would truſt their property with her, "ſince as ſhe had been once unchaſte, "her honeſty muſt of courſe be ſuſpec- "ted? Her next idea was to keep a "little ſchool, but this was worſe than all. "If the *property* of her neighbours would "not be ſafe in her hands, how could ſhe "expect that they would entruſt their "*children* to her care?

"Finding herſelf thus debarred from "all hopes of ſupporting herſelf and her

" mother in her own country, ſhe had
" recourſe to ſome relations at a diſtance,
" and entreated their aſſiſtance to enable
" her to ſettle herſelf creditably elſewhere;
" but among them alſo ſhe found too nice a
" ſenſe of *virtue*, to concern themſelves
" about one whom they regarded as a diſ-
" grace to her family.

" In this ſituation, driven almoſt to de-
" ſpair, and ſeeing herſelf nearly reduced
" to the dreadful alternative of ſtarving or
" proſtitution, her ſtory accidentally be-
" came known to Miſs Campbell. She
" inſtantly ſent for both the mother and
" daughter, and has proved a miniſtering
" angel of comfort to them. She eſta-
" bliſhed them in the cottage we have juſt
" left; and, after ſome months' probation,
" when convinced that Lucy's error was
" the lapſe of one unguarded moment, not
" the effect of depravity of heart, ſhe
" made them miſtreſſes of a little ſchool,
" to which they have paid the moſt un-
" remitted attention; and the children
" have

" have improved rapidly under their " hands.

" To ſome of the neighbours, the in-" troduction of ſuch a woman into the " pariſh was at firſt matter of great offence, " and nothing but her being under Miſs " Campbell's immediate protection would " probably have reſtrained them from " commencing a perſecution againſt her, " ſimilar to that from which ſhe had been " reſcued. But Lucy's exemplary con-" duct has at length diſarmed the tongue " of calumny itſelf: her error is forgotten, " or remembered only by the inveterately " cenſorious; and ſhe lives reſpected and " reſpectably."

" Oh! would to heaven," I exclaimed, " that this example might prove a leſſon " to others, and teach them, that forbear-" ance ſhewn to a firſt tranſgreſſion may " be the means of ſaving many an unfor-" tunate fellow-creature from farther miſ-" conduct, while ſeverity can only drive " them into laſting ſhame and miſery.

"We call the great charitable when they "give ten guineas towards a subscription "for feeding the poor; but how infinitely "greater benefactors would they be to "society, by extending their protection in "such instances to rescue the penitent from "the contumely of a harsh and mis-judging "world. Would that this were more "universally considered!—Many there are "who want not the heart to practise "such benevolence—'tis omitted more "from the absence of reflection, than of "inclination."

"While they would receive a rich re-"ward," said Beauchamp, "in behold-"ing, as Miss Campbell does, the coun-"tenance on which once sat deep anguish "and despondency, now illumined by the "smile of cheerfulness and heartfelt grati-"tude—in hearing the voice, once attuned "only to notes of penitence and lamentation, "now carolling the wild and artless lays that "spring from an easy and contented heart. "One circumstance alone has ever occa-

"sioned

" ſioned any alloy to Lucy's happineſs, " and that is, the diſcovery of her retreat " by Owen, who has made many attempts " ſimilar to that you ſaw this morning, to " get her again into his power."

I was here about to enter on ſome farther enquiries relative to Olivia, with a view to gaining a more complete acquaintance with her character, but we were unfortunately joined by a farmer, who, wanting to diſcuſs ſome pariſh affairs with Beauchamp, walked the reſt of the way home with us. We found breakfaſt ready, and I ſat down to it, inſpired with ſentiments of the warmeſt admiration of my hoſteſs; but I retired from it with feelings almoſt of diſguſt, from the inſufferable nonſenſe ſhe talked to Egerton.

But more of this hereafter. 'Tis now almoſt twelve o'clock, the hour appointed for Owen to appear before the Juſtice, and my heart has a grievous conflict to ſuſtain. Beauchamp told the conſtable that I, as well as himſelf, would attend as witneſſes

 againſt

againſt the culprit. And what now am I to do?—Muſt I be ſworn as Henry Egerton?—Impoſſible! What then remains but to confeſs our fraud?—Oh God, St. John! how little can a man calculate in what ſcenes of anguiſh and perplexity he may be involved, if he deviate but a hair's breadth from the ſtrait path of rectitude. But Beauchamp calls. Adieu! and believe me

Your unalterably affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S ... MAHAL.

LETTER XI.

Lionel Stanhope *to* Orlando St. John.

Campbell-Houſe, Auguſt 16.
Eleven at Night.

My morning's detail, Orlando, left me ſetting off on my own trial rather than on that of Owen, ſince I do not believe he felt half the terror at appearing as a culprit at the bar of juſtice, that I did at appearing there only as a witneſs. I quitted my room, half reſolved fairly and openly to confeſs all my guilt in confidence to Beauchamp, and conſult with him what was beſt to be done, fully convinced, even on our ſhort acquaintance, that a firm reliance might be placed upon his honour and liberality of mind.

But this deſign was fruſtrated, by finding that the man who had aſſiſted in reſcuing

Lucy was alſo, as one of the witneſſes, to be the companion of our walk, ſo that any confidential communication with Beauchamp was effectually precluded. Nothing then remained but to act according to the preſſure of the moment; and I at length reſolved, if driven to the laſt extremity, to plead conſcientious ſcruples about taking an oath—thus, as is very frequently the caſe, concealing baſeneſs by a lie. Yet, as I purſued my way, I felt no ſcruples of relieving my ſoul by curſing heartily, though only internally, my father, myſelf, Egerton, and the world at large. My father, for having importuned me ſo often to ſee Olivia, which was the original cauſe of all the miſchief—myſelf, for not having had ſufficient reſolution to reſiſt his importunities to the laſt—Egerton, for being baſe enough to adopt the plan my baſeneſs had ſuggeſted—and the world at large, becauſe we conſtantly do curſe all the world when we are out of humour with ourſelves.

The magiſtrate, at whoſe tribunal we now appeared, was Doctor Paul, rector of the pariſh of Maxtead, a very ſleek and courteous member of the body eccleſiaſtic, who received us with abundance of compliments on the courage and conduct we had ſhewn in our encounter with Owen; and expatiated in moſt elaborate ſtrains on the obligations we had conferred upon Lucy, in reſcuing her ſo gallantly from her perſecutor. He then proceeded to entertain us with a very long and eloquent harangue on his perfect impartiality in all his judicial proceedings; aſſuring us, that in his eyes, as in thoſe of the holy Founder of our religion, the poor were of equal account with the rich—nay, if ever he was inclined to a bias either way, which he hoped and truſted was not the caſe, it was rather to favour the poorer than the richer party.

This exordium concluded, he began to queſtion Beauchamp about the caſe before him. But though he endeavoured to give

his enquiries all poſſible appearance of ſeeking nothing but the truth, his principal aim evidently was to diſcover Olivia's wiſhes with reſpect to the culprit, that he might in no way act contrary to them. From Beauchamp's anſwers, however, nothing was to be collected but the ſimple facts; and thus the poor Doctor was left to act ſolely upon his own conjectures. Theſe led him very naturally to conclude, not that Olivia was deſirous of ſeeing impartial juſtice adminiſtered, but that, as ſhe patroniſed Lucy Morgan, ſhe muſt, at all events, wiſh Owen to be committed to gaol, be the aſſault proved upon him or not.

Yet that he might, if poſſible, inform himſelf better upon the ſubject, before he proceeded farther, when he found that nothing was to be gained from Beauchamp, he thought he would try what was to be done with me; ſo addreſſing me, he ſaid, " And you, Mr. Stanhope, I underſtand

" were

" were one of the principal actors in re-
" pelling this outrage ?"

Orlando, you well know that I am not much addicted to blufhing, yet in a moment my face became a perfect fcarlet. He had called me Stanhope, and I was in that bleffed predicament, that nothing could have ftartled me fo much as being addreffed by my own name. I hefitated, faultered, and at laft, with fome difficulty, ftammered out, " Yes, Sir."

Beauchamp eyed me very earneftly; my confufion encreafed tenfold. Doctor Paul addreffed me again; " You were prefent " during the whole fcene ?"

" Ye—Yes, Sir.—No, Sir, no,—not " the whole."

" At what part, then ?"

" At the be—the beginning—I mean " not till towards the conclufion."

" Mr. Stanhope had no other concern " in the affair," faid Beauchamp, " than " affifting Atwood and myfelf to force " Owen out of the houfe."

"Then your evidence it ſhould ſeem, "Mr. Stanhope," rejoined the Doctor, "does not include any part of Owen's aſ-"ſault?"

Good heavens, thought I, what dæmon can poſſeſs them!—both call me Stanhope! —Am I then really detected? or can this be merely accident?—But Beauchamp ſoon relieved me by ſaying,—"Not Mr. "Stanhope, if you pleaſe, Doctor, but "Mr. Egerton."

"Mr. Egerton!"— returned the Doctor, in a tone of ſurpriſe,—"I beg his "pardon; but indeed, as I had heard that "Mr. Stanhope was at Campbell-Houſe, "I concluded this gentleman, from his "extreme likeneſs to Sir Francis, to be that "worthy Baronet's ſon."

"He is certainly very like Sir Francis," ſaid Beauchamp; "but that is not ſur-"priſing, ſince he is his own nephew."

"Then 'tis accounted for moſt naturally, "to be ſure," ſaid the Doctor. "So

"then

" then you cannot ſwear to the aſſault,
" Mr. Egerton?"

" No, Sir."

" I ſhould think," ſaid Beauchamp, " that there can be no occaſion to take " Mr. Egerton's depoſition, ſince Robin " Atwood's and mine will be ſufficient for " Owen's conviction, and ſpeak to the " main point much more effectually."

" As you pleaſe, Sir," anſwered the polite Doctor.

Had I been walking over hot ploughſhares, and come off ſafe from the laſt, I could not have felt a greater releaſe. I could almoſt have fallen down and worſhipped Beauchamp as my guardian genius.

The cauſe now proceeded, a breach of the peace was proved againſt Owen, and as he was not in a ſituation to procure bail, he was of courſe committed to Doncaſter gaol, to take his trial at the enſuing ſeſſions. The ſeveral parties were then diſmiſſed, and after ſitting half an hour with the Doctor, we returned home, I

heartily congratulating myſelf upon my deliverance.

Yet Beauchamp's conduct relative to this affair perplexes me beyond expreſſion. He made a great point of my accompanying him to Doctor Paul's, as he ſaid that my evidence might prove of conſiderable importance, yet he was himſelf the perſon afterwards to ſuggeſt that it was wholly immaterial. Beſides, he watched me ſo narrowly the whole time I was there, that I am almoſt perſuaded he had ſomething more in his mind than I am able to fathom. Were it not for a ridiculous ſcene going forward here, from which I hope to derive infinite amuſement, and beſides that Egerton's amour ſeems in ſo proſperous a way, that it would be cruel now to raiſe any obſtacles to it, I believe I ſhould mount my horſe early to-morrow morning, and ride away unknown to any one.

In my morning's detail I alluded to the nonſenſe that paſſed between Egerton and Olivia at breakfaſt. The converſation turning

turning accidentally upon the days of chivalry, Olivia immediately burſt into a rhapſody upon them, and lamented in terms exquiſitely pathetic, that they were paſt before the time allotted for her reſidence on earth.

Harry inſtantly caught the hint, and poured forth the moſt paſſionate expreſſions of admiration at times ſo glorious, and of rapture at finding another perſon in the world who would concur in his ſentiments with regard to them.

" And are you then an admirer of chi-" valry, Mr. Stanhope ?" exclaimed the tranſported Olivia ; " Oh, how you delight " my ſoul ! Yes, the days when that " flouriſhed were days indeed !—days in " which it would have been ſome ſatis-" faction to live !—But how, alas ! is " mankind degenerated. Not an action " is now performed worthy to be recounted " in the ſame breath with the exploits of " an Orlando, or a Rogero, a Tancred, or " a Palmerin !—Not a hero has for cen-

" turies

"turies past existed in the world, entitled "to hold a candle to a Godfrey, a Char- "lemagne, or an Arthur! or to latch the "shoe of a Rodomonte, a Rinaldo, or an "Astolfo!"

"Still less, Madam, has a female ap- "peared worthy to be mentioned with a "Bradamant, or a Marphisa, an Erminia, "or a Clorinda—unless indeed—but you "know, Madam, the present company is "always excepted."

"Alas, Mr. Stanhope, you flatter;—I "feel but too sensibly how little I merit "such a compliment. Supinely educated "but to those frivolous occupations, which, "have alone of late years been allowed "to my sex, the thimble and the needle "are the only weapons I have ever been "permitted to brandish. My unaspiring "fingers know not to gird on the po- "lished sword, or adjust the plumed hel- "met; my nerveless arm is unaccustomed "to poising the mighty spear, or hurling "the well-aimed javelin. My trembling "foot

"foot ſhrinks from the manly ſpur and
"well-ſuſpended ſtirrup; and if I dare to
"mount the mettled courſer, I vault not,
"alas! with vigorous ſtride into the rich
"caparifons that valour claims, to traverſe
"ſhapeleſs mountains and trackleſs deſerts,
"regardleſs of the howling tempeſt's
"fierce aſſail, encountering beaſts, and ſtill
"more ſavage monſters in the human form
"—but tamely ſeat myſelf in a tame ſide-
"ſaddle, canter my ſteed for an hour or
"two over the ſmooth-ſhorn lawn, or
"along the even gravel-road, and then
"return home dull and indolent as I went
"out, again to betake myſelf to my paltry
"feminine employments. Thus muſt I
"crawl through life, at the end of which
"I ſhall not have performed one exploit
"worthy to hand down my name to far-
"removed poſterity."

I was aſtoniſhed, mortified too, yet could ſcarcely refrain from laughing at a rhapſody ſo nonſenſical. At firſt I ſuſpected that ſhe was only turning Egerton into ridicule,

yet ſhe wore an air of ſuch perfect ſeriouſneſs, and ſeemed ſo abſolutely entranced by her ſubject, and abſorbed in admiration of the martial prowefs of ancient heroes and heroines, that I was conſtrained at length to give up the idea of jeſt. Indeed I was the more confirmed in my belief of her ſeriouſneſs, from obſerving Beauchamp ſhake his head very ſignificantly, and with an air of deep concern, as if the maſter-ſtring of her foibles was touched, and the world united could not prevent its vibrating.

Egerton proceeded, claſping his hands in extaſy, " Oh, Madam, how you tran-" ſport me! Never did I meet with one " whoſe ideas upon this ſubject ſo perfectly " correſponded with my own. Now do " I indeed begin to hope, ſince the fair " are again diſpoſed to ſmile upon them, that " we may ſee thoſe glorious days revived " when every man was brave, and every " female chaſte; when caſtles were built " of gold, not of beggarly brick or ſtone;

" when

" when not condemned to ceaselefs drudg-
" ery for gaining our daily bread, the en-
" chanter's wand at one ftroke produced
" whate'er was requifite to fatisfy our
" wants, our wifhes—when"—

" Oh! Sir, no more! no more! but
" haften with me to a beloved little
" clofet in my library, the repofitory of
" the choiceft collection of archives of
" thefe worthies, that the kingdom per-
" haps can boaft. 'Tis, I affure you, in
" my eftimation, by no means the leaft
" valuable part of my family inheritance."
Then tendering him her hand, which he preffed refpectfully, they retired together, while I repaired to my apartment and wrote my letter to you, nor faw I more of Egerton, till my return from the hall of juftice.

Going then to his room, I found him ftripped of his coat and waiftcoat, with his fhirt-collar unbuttoned, his breaft laid bare, and his fleeves tucked up to the very top of his arms, furrounded by foap, water, brufhes, and towels, fcrubbing and fcouring

himſelf, as if, like the poor barber's brother, he had been ſentenced to a daily purification of forty waſhings.

"Why heyday, Harry," ſaid I, "what's "the matter now? Olivia has not been rolling you in the kennel, I hope?"

"The kennel—no, damn her—I don't "think a roll in the kennel would have "made me half ſo filthy!—Curſe chivalry, "ſay I!—I don't believe the cloſet had "been opened theſe twenty years, though "ſhe made ſuch a ſputter about her fond"neſs for her damned knights-errant. "Four whole hours did ſhe keep me rum"maging over heroes and princeſſes ſmo"thered with duſt and cobwebs, the ſpiders "all the time running about as if frigh"tened at ſuch intruders, after being ſuf"fered to live ſo long unmoleſted. 'And 'now, Mr. Stanhope, do reach down that 'Palmerin—bleſs the dear fellow!—and 'now read me a page or two of that glo'rious Caſſandra—oh, and that beloved 'Amadis—kiſs the dear creature for my

'ſake.'

'ſake.'—" Confound 'em all I ſay!—and " yet I'll be ſhot if her duſty Amadis is " not as good kiſſing as herſelf." And then again he fell to rubbing and ſcrubbing, as if he would have rubbed his very ſkin off, while I ſtood by laughing heartily.

" Curſe your mirth," ſaid he, " I don't " ſee any thing ſo very laughable in all this; " you would not have thought it ſuch an " excellent joke had you been in my " place." Then ringing the bell violently for Arthur, " What can the blockhead be " after," he ſaid, " I've rung for him a " dozen times already, I believe."

This time, however, the ringing was not without effect, for the valet ſoon made his appearance.

" And what was the reaſon you raſcal," ſaid Egerton, " that you were ſo long in " coming, and gave me the trouble of " ringing ſo often?"

" I humbly beg your honour's pardon," ſaid he, admiring his legs all the time, " but

“ but I was lounging away an hour or
“ two in looking over this venerable man-
“ sion, for, upon my soul, ’tis a devilish
“ hard matter to know how to kill one’s
“ time here. Never saw such a parcel of
“ countrified boobies as the servants. I
“ swear ’tis quite a bore to be among ’em.
“ Yesterday morning, being very gapish
“ and yawnish, and not knowing what to
“ do with myself, I proposed a little six-
“ penny vingt-un in the servants’ hall, and,
“ would you believe it, the fools set up
“ their eyes and stared, and did’nt know
“ what I meant. So I explained, that
“ ’twas a game at cards which I could
“ teach ’em in five minutes, and then they
“ all drew up their heads, and screwed up
“ their mouths, and Lord bless ’em, they
“ never played at cards in a morning,
“ they’d play at *Put* with me in the even-
“ ing for a penny a game, if that would be
“ agreeable. Curse me if it was not as
“ much as I could do to forbear laughing
“ in their faces.”

“ Confound

"Confound you, Sirrah; be a little "more guarded in your behaviour, or all "my fchemes will be blafted by you, you "dog." Then turning to me, "We are "to have a grand ferenading to-night, "Lionel," faid he. "A pretty broad "hint was given me this morning, that "this was a piece of knight-errantry by no "means to be difpenfed with."

"Egad, a good thought," faid Arthur, "and faith I'll avail myfelf of it to try and "appeafe the wrath of my pretty Abigail."

"How," faid I, "have Mrs. Jenny and "you then quarrelled?"

"Tiffed a little bit, to be fure," faid he, "and I'll tell you all how and about "it. You muft know I could not bear "to fee fuch a tight lafs, with whom one "really fhould not be afhamed of being "feen walking in the Park, were fhe but "well-dreffed, go fuch an old-fafhioned "figure. So I advifed her to drefs in a "more dafhing ftyle, and particularly not "to wear vulgar cotton ftockings, for her

"ancles

" ancles would look as neat again in ſilk " ones, and I aſſured her there was'n't a " lady's maid of my acquaintance but what " dreſſed as well as her miſtreſs. So for-" ſooth ſhe took huff, called me an im-" pertinent puppy, and bid me mind " my own buſineſs, and not be ſo " free of making remarks upon other " people; and then, when I told her I was " only adviſing her for her own good, what " does ſhe do but hits me a ſwinging box " on the ear that made reel again, 'and ' take that,' ſaid ſhe, 'that's for your good, ' and I hope 'twill teach you to keep your ' impertinent tongue within your teeth ano-' ther time.' " But I'm determined not ' to keep my tongue between my teeth, " but to have at her again, and try if I " can't bring her at laſt to hear reaſon."

" Why ſhould you be ſo very anxious " about this matter?" ſaid I.

" Lord Sir," ſaid he, " why now, if you " had any thoughts of courting a lady, " ſhould'n't you wiſh, for your own credit,

" to

" to make her look a little like other " people ?—And, to confefs the truth, I " believe I fhall make up to Mrs. Jenny, " for they tell me fhe's worth money, and " I can't fay but that Arthur is almoft as " much in want of a fortune as his maf- " ter."

" Hold your impertinence, fcoundrel," cried Egerton. " And for you, Mr. " Lionel," faid he, turning to me, " I de- " fire you to walk out of the room. You " are always encouraging that puppy to " make himfelf one of the company, which " I by no means chufe he fhould be."

I felt the juftice of the reproof, and in my heart condemned myfelf for encouraging fuch impertinence, merely for the fake of a momentary amufement. I therefore obeyed Harry's commands, and retired. But as I thought the ferenade promifed the higheft gratification to all who, like myfelf, have an extreme relifh for the ridiculous, I urged Harry to permit my accompanying him on the occafion. To this

he would by no means conſent, as he ſaid he was certain I ſhould prove a Marplot; but as I am very unwilling to relinquiſh ſo rich a ſource of entertainment, I have reſolved to follow him at a diſtance, and am now only waiting till I hear him ſet out upon his expedition.

And, to fill up the remainining time till then, let me introduce to your acquaintance a lady, for the mention of whom I have not yet found a vacant corner in a letter. The ſame carriage that bore away from us the lovely Harriot, brought back in it an object not quite of equal lovelineſs, an old maid, by name Harriſon, a diſtant relation of Olivia's, with a good fortune, and a very pretty villa on the banks of the Thames.

Orlando, thou haſt been at Cambridge as well as myſelf; thou haſt ſeen a painted window in Trinity College Library, the principal figure in which is our gracious Sovereign, to whom the artiſt has given a complexion of the deepeſt carmine, or, perhaps, rather of the tint of raw freſh-killed

beef.

beef. Very ſimilar to this is now the complexion of Mrs. Rebecca Harriſon; though, as her Mama has often been heard to ſay, it rivalled in delicacy the ſnowy plumage of the ſwan, till it was unfortunately ſpoiled by that bittereſt foe of beauty, the ſmall-pox. Mrs. Rebecca herſelf, however, does not ſeem aware of this tragic circumſtance, or that it does not ſtill retain its priſtine delicacy, ſince on the day of her arrival, as Olivia was drinking a glaſs of water, to which Rebecca has a mortal averſion, ſhe ſaid, "So, my dear, you will "perſiſt in that practice, though I've ſo "often warned you againſt it; but take "my word for it, you'll repent your ob-"ſtinacy ſome day or another: why I'm "ſure if I had perſiſted in drinking wa-"ter, I ſhould by this time have had a "ſettled redneſs in my face."

To what, then, the redneſs that certainly does now exiſt is to be aſcribed, I will not pretend to ſay. She tells us for certain whence it does *not* originate; our own con-

jectures muſt ſupply the reſt. Not that I mean poſitively to inſinuate that ſhe is a diſciple of the Brunonian ſyſtem—ſhe may have a convenient parlour cloſet at home, for any thing I know to the contrary; but here I have never ſeen her drink any thing ſtronger than good old *Engliſh port*, as ſhe calls it. When to the idea I have thus given you of the charms of her face, I add that her ſtature is ſomewhat under five feet; and her circumference ſomewhat above it, you will not ſuppoſe my heart in any great danger from that quarter.

As to her character, how ſhall I define what is abſolutely indefinable? She is a true original; and I think the great Linnæus himſelf would be puzzled in determining to what claſs, order, genus, and ſpecies of animals ſhe ought to be referred. Her talents and powers of mind muſt be very uncommon, equal, if not ſuperior, even to thoſe of the *admirable Crichton*; ſince there is no one individual thing attempted

tempted by the ingenuity of man, in which ſhe does not give inſtructions to whoever ſhe ſees employed in it; or, to uſe her own words, ſhew 'em a *better* way of doing what they are about. To the houſemaid, in ſweeping the room or lighting the fire—to the cook, in ſpitting and roaſting the meat, or in making the pies and puddings—to the groom in rubbing down the horſes, and to the coachman in driving them—to the gardener in pruning his trees and planting his cabbages, and to the park-keeper in managing his deer—to the bricklayer in arranging his bricks and mortar, and to the carpenter in cutting out his rabbets, his mortices, and his dove-tails—to Miſs Campbell in doing the honours of her houſe, and to Beauchamp in the cultivation of his farm—to all and every of theſe ſhe kindly gives ſuch directions, that it will not be her fault if they do not arrive at perfection in their reſpective departments.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARA

But let her actions and words ſpeak for her—of both which more hereafter ; for by the great Jupiter himſelf I hear Harry's door open, and he muſt be going to the ſerenade. Adieu ! then, and believe me

Faithfully yours,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XII.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-Houſe, Auguſt 17.

ORLANDO, I was right; it was indeed the valorous knight's door that opened, and I inſtantly heard him,

> ———————With ſtealthy pace,
> With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
> Move like a ghoſt.

The moon was juſt at the full, and, as in duty bound, while an affair of ſo much love and gallantry was carrying on, ſhone with even more than uſual ſplendour. When I thought I might ſafely venture after the lover I alſo ſtole down, and reached the garden juſt as he turned round an angle of the houſe, near which were the chamber-windows of his miſtreſs. I immediately

 concealed

concealed myſelf in a clump of ſhrubs, whence I could ſee and hear all that paſſed moſt admirably, and without the leaſt hazard of being detected.

After a few moments pauſe, the love-lorn knight began to tune his voice; and then, with inexpreſſible paſſion and pathos, ſung the following *beautiful* ſtanzas, compoſed for the occaſion:

SONG.

Within my boſom hope and fear
Maintain alternate ſway;
While hope's bright beams my ſoul would cheer,
Pale fear clouds ev'ry ray.

Bright hope ſtill paints my fair one kind,
Her face with ſmiles illum'd;
But then, to pallid fear conſign'd,
With grief my ſoul's conſum'd.

Yet to thy arms, oh Hope, ſweet maid!
Thy willing vot'ry take;
For ah! without thy genial aid
My wounded heart muſt break.

During the ſong, his fair princeſs appeared at the window, and, ſitting down

by

by it, reclined her head upon her hand in an attitude of ſerious and plaintive attention. When it was finiſhed, ſhe exclaimed: "What ſounds are thoſe which "ſtrike my raviſhed ears?—ah! ſure 'tis "ſome celeſtial harmony; for ſtrains ſo "ſoft, ſo ſweet, ne'er could proceed from "mortal voice!—Oh ſay, thou ſoul-en-"chanting ſongſter, art thou indeed of hu-"man mould?—or art thou not rather one "of thoſe celeſtial ſpirits that rove inviſible "to mortal eyes in the pure realms of "æther?"

Egerton liſtened with rapture—he ſtarted—he pauſed—he ſighed—he clapped one hand to his breaſt, and ſtruck the other on his forehead—in ſhort, went through all the paſſionate lover-like evolutions proper for the occaſion, and at length, in a tranſport of extaſy, burſt forth:

Oh heavens! what light through yonder window-
breaks?
It is my lady!—oh! it is my love?—
Oh that ſhe knew ſhe were!—

Two of the faireſt ſtars in all the heavens,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.

" Pardon, divineſt excellence, the pre-" ſumption of a ſlave, who dares thus to " intrude with unhallowed ſounds on the " calm hours ſacred to ſoft repoſe!—Yet " conſider that tranſport, no leſs than " miſery, is foe to ſleep, and then let any " one who has a heart to feel, judge if " 'twere poſſible that I could reſt. No!— " admitted to the contemplation of charms " and excellence ſo far exceeding the " feeble powers of mortal comprehen-" ſion, the trammels that in common caſes " reſtrain our boſoms, were all incompe-" tent to repreſs the ardent ebullitions of " my feelings."

" Mr. Stanhope, if my ears do not de-" ceive me!—or, as he henceforth ſhall " be called, my valiant Palmerin."

" Yes, faireſt Polinarda, 'tis your de-" voted ſlave!—tis your love-ſtricken

 " Palmerin!

" Palmerin!—Curfed indeed, if by this " prefumption he fhould incur his princefs's " difpleafure, but bleffed above mortality's " frail lot, could he but hope her favour- " able attention to his vows; while he " fwears, even by the facred altar of " beauty's queen herfelf, that he was never " till this moment fenfible to the power of " female charms, and that life will hence- " forward be to him but a lingering death, " unlefs he obtain permiffion to indulge in " the fond hope of one day poffeffing fuch " perfection."—And here he drew forth a deep and lengthened figh, fo foft, fo piteous, that it feemed to rend in twain the bofom whence it iffued.

A figh refponfive burft from the bofom of the gentle maid, and in a trembling, yielding accent fhe replied, " Ah! my " Palmerin, may I give credence to thefe " fair-feeming words?—Oh! my boding " heart whifpers that you woo thus but to " betray me!"

And truly, I thought, thoſe bodings are not altogether without foundation.—But Egerton was in a different ſtory.

" Betray thee ?" he cried ; " Oh ! can " my Polinarda ſuffer a thought ſo inju- " rious to her Palmerin to find a harbour " in that gentle boſom !—Baniſh, baniſh " ſuch ideas, lovely princeſs ; and believe " that your knight, your devoted ſlave, " is truth itſelf."

Heavens ! thought I, what cannot mortal man have the aſſurance to affirm !— And, indeed, ſo monſtrous was this falſehood, that it ſeemed for a moment to confound even the daring ſpirit by which it was uttered, for Egerton immediately began to heſitate and ſtammer, as if not knowing how to proceed. At length, however, he recovered, and burſt forth again :—" Betray thee !—Oh no !—thou " art my ſoul's beſt, only treaſure !—Speak " comfort to me then ; bid me hope, and " live."

" Alas !

"Alas! I muſt believe you!—My heart, "itſelf unpractiſed in deceit, knows not to "ſuſpect falſehood in another. Yet, that "in ſo ſhort a time you ſhould be ſo de- "voted to me—"

"Cannot ſurely appear extraordinary.— "Was it not ever thus in ancient days?— "one glance alone from a bright eye, was "then ſufficient to confirm irrevocably the "mighty empire of Love's all-powerful "deity; and though from the ſupineneſs "of modern times, inſtances of this nature "are become uncommon, believe not, fair "princeſs, the thing abſolutely impoſſible!"

"'Tis true! Palmerin of England was "inſtantly ſubdued by the bright eyes of "the angelic Polinarda; ſo was it with the "accompliſhed maid to whom the heart "of the valorous knight Belianis became "a captive; nor did Durandarte longer "withſtand the glances of the fair Belerma. "Why then ſhould I doubt the truth of "like profeſſions?—Yet, my Palermin,

"there

"there is one thing that I fain would "aſk—"

"Oh name it!—Can there be any proof "of my ſincerity that I would for one mo-"ment heſitate to give!—Speak but the "word and behold me ready—"

"Not here, we are too public, and may "be overheard. But if for my ſake you "can defy danger, and aſcend to the win-"dow by a ladder of ropes, we can then "converſe without reſerve."

"Oh kindneſs and condeſcenſion un-"paralleled! This is indeed happineſs "almoſt too great to bear!—where, where "is my bleſſed paſſport to ſuch tranſcend-"ent bliſs!"

"'Tis cloſe at hand." The princeſs then retired for a few moments, and returned in the true ſpirit of romance clad in a long veil. The ladder was fixed, the knight ſkipped up in an inſtant, the window cloſed on them, and I ſaw him, in idea, happy in his fair one's arms.

Thus

Thus precluded, as I imagined, from being a farther ſpectator of this ridiculous farce, I thought only of returning quietly to my own chamber, and betaking myſelf to repoſe. I was accordingly ſtealing up to it as gently as poſſible, when, juſt as I arrived at the top of the ſtairs, I heard Olivia's voice in the gallery, ſaying, "This way, "if you pleaſe, Mr. Beauchamp. I am "certain I ſaw a man aſcend by a ladder "into my dreſſing room."

I was all aſtoniſhment, nor could divine how Olivia ſhould come there, but, circumſtanced as I was, I thought it beſt to make my appearance as her champion. Entering the gallery I beheld her at her dreſſing-room door with a candle in her hand, and accompanied by Beauchamp. "What did "I hear, Madam," I ſaid, "your houſe at-"tacked by robbers? Oh, let me offer "my aſſiſtance."

She made no reply, but opening the door, we beheld—Oh all ye Gods and Goddeſſes!—Egerton kneeling at the feet of a woman,

a woman, and preſſing her hand with extaſy to his lips.

"Good heaven!" cried Olivia. "Mr. "Stanhope at Jenny's feet! What can this "mean?"

In an inſtant both ſtarted up, Jenny throwing aſide her veil, and caſting her eyes baſhfully to the ground, while Egerton looked firſt at her, then at Olivia, with mingled emotions of aſtoniſhment and confuſion.

An awful ſilence of two or three minutes enſued, when Beauchamp addreſſed the knight: "I can ſcarcely expreſs, Mr. "Stanhope, how much I am confounded at "what I ſee. Is ſuch a groſs violation of "decorum a proper return for the hoſpi-"tality you have experienced here? Can "a more flagrant inſult be offered to the "miſtreſs of the houſe, than thus to at-"tempt ſeducing her domeſtics?"

Egerton heſitated, ſtammered, mutter-ed, and at length began: "Madam I, I—"pardon me, Madam——Yes—I—I—I

"muſt

" muſt own Madam—that—that—that ap-
" pearances Madam—"

" Speak your intentions pretty plain-
" ly, Mr. Stanhope—leave no room to
" doubt that you were baſely ſeeking the
" ruin of that poor girl."

" Condemn me not ſo haſtily, I entreat
" Madam!—I own that appearances—
" that appearances, Madam—that appear-
" ances but too well juſtify your inference
" —yet Madam—believe me Madam—I
" hope and truſt—yes Madam—I hope—
" and I truſt—"

" That your invention, though ſome-
" what tardy, will in time furniſh you with
" ſome plauſible ſtory, by which to varniſh
" over this outrage againſt decorum."

" Oh, for heaven's ſake, Madam, do but
" hear me, and I truſt that I can ſoon re-
" move ſuſpicions ſo injurious to my cha-
" racter."

" Well, Sir, as 'tis rather late at preſent,
" your vindication ſhall, if you pleaſe, be
" deferred till to-morrow. I only requeſt
" the

" the company now to retire, and I truſt " that for this night, at leaſt, I ſhall hear no " more ſuch diſturbances."

Her requeſt was inſtantly complied with, nor was Harry, I believe, at all ſorry to have ſo much time allowed for preparing his defence. I accompanied him to his chamber, whither Arthur, who had quitted it upon hearing the confuſion, was returned juſt before us. " Why Harry," ſaid I, clapping him on the ſhoulder, " this was " rather an unfortunate miſtake. The ad- " venture, it ſeems, more properly be- " longed to your Eſquire Arthur, than to " yourſelf. But I wonder that you did " not aſk to ſee your miſtreſs's face,— " entreat that the odious veil might be " thrown aſide."

" Curſe her ugly face, I did not want to " ſee it; I was glad enough that it was con- " cealed."

" And then not to diſtinguiſh the maid's " voice from the ſilvery tones of your " princeſs."

" Curſe

" Curſe her croaking voice too, I did " not attend to it."

" Nay, Harry, 'tis not croaking ſurely. " I ſhould rather ſay 'tis more than uſually " melodious.

" Well, damn her voice, I don't care " whether 'tis melodious or not. I thought " nothing about it, and was only ſtudying " how to be ſufficiently upon the ſtilts. " The devil's in that baggage Jenny too, " I believe, for ſhe made ſuch fine high- " flown anſwers to my rhapſodies, as I " could not poſſibly have conceived to " come from any other mouth than that " of Olivia herſelf. The girl's brains muſt " be ſtuffed as full of romances as her miſ- " treſs's. I ſuppoſe, during the old Ge- " neral's life they did nothing but ſit and " read them together in that damned duſt- " hole of a cloſet."

" Why, indeed," ſaid Arthur, " my little " Abigail has ſome ſhrewdneſs. And to " ſay the truth, my dear maſter, I'm glad " to find that this is all miſtake on your " part,

" part, ſince I was not extremely pleaſed " at hearing that you and ſhe had been " caught together. I was curſedly afraid " you had been bamboozling me all this " time, and pretended to make love to the " fortune, only as a blind to get poaching " on my manor."

" Inſolent wretch," ſaid Egerton, " who " bid you ſpeak! But this impertinence will " paſs no longer. Get out of my ſight this " moment, and take notice that you quit " my ſervice this day month."

" Is this the thirtieth, or only the nine " and twentieth time that I've had warn- " ing," ſaid he, with a coolneſs and impudence that really aſtoniſhed even me. Then turning upon his heel, he ſaid to me with a wink and a nod as he quitted the room, " What would he do now were I to " take him at his word?" I had almoſt followed to give him a hearty caning.

I ſtayed not long after Arthur's departure, but left Egerton preparing to retire to bed, though not, as he ſaid, to

ſleep,

ſleep, ſince he muſt meditate upon what was to be pleaded in the morning in his vindication. Nor did I retire with any hopes of reſt. I knew too well that I was only going to encounter the torment of thoſe reflections, with which amid the ſilence and ſolitude of night I am conſtantly aſſailed. Yes, Orlando, at ſuch moments I feel moſt poignantly that the day of our detection muſt inevitably arrive; that we may be detected at any moment. No leſs ſenſibly do I feel that this diſcovery were better anticipated by a full and frank confeſſion of our guilt, and yet I cannot ſummon up reſolution to make this confeſſion. But ſuch is the inconſiſtency of our nature. We are eternally repining at the ills which ſurround us; we cannot forbear ſeeing that our calamities are in, perhaps I may ſay with truth, ninety-nine inſtances out of an hundred, ſelf-incurred, and might be greatly leſſened at leaſt, if not entirely removed, by a trifling exertion of our own; yet rather than rouſe

ourſelves

ourſelves from that torpor of indolence in which we all delight, to make ſuch an exertion, we ſupinely languiſh on from day to day under the preſſure of a grievance that muſt, if the truth of my axiom be allowed, be conſidered rather as imaginary than real.

But I am ſummoned to breakfaſt. Farewell, and believe me with great ſincerity

Your affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XIII.

ORLANDO ST. JOHN *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Scarborough, August 18.

THOUGH I am perfectly of opinion, *mon cher ami*, that thou wouldst be rightly served were I never to address another epistle to thee, yet is my temper far too sweet and benignant to allow me to inflict punishment so severe on any human being. Three monstrous long letters have I received bearing the signature of Lionel Stanhope, yet in no one of them does he condescend to make the least acknowledgment for favours received from his Orlando, or to enquire how he goes on? whether he finds Scarborough *a son gout?* or what company he may have seen besides those already mentioned?

What

What aileth thee, Li.? Thou wert not wont to be ſo dull and inſenſible when a pretty girl was in queſtion, yet doſt thou not utter a ſingle remark upon the faſcinating Charlotte, doſt not utter one expreſſion of envy at my being bleſſed with ſuch ſweet ſociety, while thou art immured within the walls of an antiquated caſtle, yawning away thy days with only old Mrs. Harriſon, and ugly Miſs Campbell. *Ma foi*, I think thou too muſt have been making love to Jenny, otherwiſe thy inſenſibility is wholly unaccountable. I thought thou wouldſt have been madly in love at the bare mention of Charlotte; but thy letters only ring changes upon Olivia, Beauchamp, Egerton, and thyſelf, as if the world contained but thoſe four perſonages.

But though thou wilt not enquire, I will impart; and the firſt piece of intelligence I muſt communicate, I fear will not prove very grateful. Jerry yeſterday received a ſummons from Sir Francis to repair immediately

diately to Kilverton, without any reafon whatever being affigned for fo hafty a movement. This makes me fear that fome ftorm is gathering over your heads. If all had been right, why fhould the fummons be addreffed to Jerry himfelf, without his young mafter's name being fo much as mentioned. What to infer from this I know not, but I thought it better that you fhould be informed of it, that fhould any thing be amifs, you may not be taken wholly unprepared.

Now then let me try once more whether thy infenfibility is capable of being roufed. For my own part, I live in a delirium of extafy. Added to the fociety of the lovely Charlotte, I am become now the fworn follower of a moft enchanting little widow, the relict of a French nobleman, and the intimate friend of my bewitching Hibernian.

But Madame de Clairville is not a *Françoife* by birth. She is the daughter of a gentleman of property in this kingdom,

 and

and was ſent to a convent in France for education. In this ſituation ſhe became acquainted with her late huſband, who was a frequent viſitor at the convent to a ſiſter of his, alſo a pupil there. Nor was it long before the acquaintance grew into a warm attachment on both ſides. This was made known to their reſpective parents, and as the old people made no objection to the union, the young ones were married as ſoon as the lady was of an age to be releaſed from her confinement.

Three years did Monſieur and Madame de Clairville live together in undiſturbed happineſs, when the former was ſeized with a violent fever, which carried him off in a few days, and left the gay and elegant Eliza, at only nineteen years of age, a widow, with two daughters to educate and eſtabliſh in the world. For them, however, as well as for the widow, a handſome proviſion had been made by the marriage ſettlement, though the family eſtate went of courſe, with the title, to the next male heir. Soon after her

her husband's death, Madame de Clairville, accompanied by her children, came over to visit her father and mother; and the latter dying during the time of her proposed stay, her father became extremely unwilling to part with her again, and has therefore prevailed with her to remain in England ever since.

But the ease of manners she has acquired from the society to which she was accustomed in France, has unfitted her extremely for the more precise and demure conduct expected in her sex in this country; and thus she exposes herself but too frequently to their extreme and inveterate censure. She often invites a party of gentlemen home with her from the rooms, or the play, to a *petit souper*, where, perhaps, oh! outrage against all decorum! she is the only female present. More commonly indeed, Charlotte is there to keep her in countenance; but still as the parties consist principally of gentlemen, and are out of the common routine of receiving com-

pany, they cannot obtain public ſanction. Beſides, as the company ſometimes ſit late, and Madam de Clairville does not like to keep her ſervants up, ſhe diſmiſſes them to bed, and actually lets the company out herſelf when they go away.

All this however might poſſibly have been paſſed over with only ſome ſlight animadverſions, had not the unfortunate widow, a few days ago, been guilty of another offence of a nature ſo heinous, ſo abſolutely unpardonable, that ſhe has forfeited every ſhadow of a claim to lenity in leſs atrocious matters. She was walking out with Charlotte, a Miſs Perkins, a couſin of Mrs. Tichfield's who had joined her party the day before, Captain Tichfield, a Mr. Peters, and myſelf. The Captain and Madame de Clairville were the firſt in the proceſſion, when I obſerved the latter's garter drop, which I picked up, and preſented to her. She ſtepped aſide into a cottage, replaced the zone, and joined us again with perfect compoſure; not having

ſufficient

ſufficient grace even to bluſh, or betray the leaſt confuſion, but ſeeming to regard the accident as a common every-day occurrence, unworthy of notice.

Not in ſo unimportant a light was it conſidered by Miſs Perkins, who is one of the moſt modeſt of her ſex, and a rigid adherent to even the minuteſt principles of decorum. She was all confuſion, bluſhed, concealed her face behind her fan, and, in ſhort, took every poſſible method of evincing how tremblingly alive ſhe was to the delicate diſtreſs of being preſent at a circumſtance of ſo embarraſſing a nature; rendered ten times more ſhocking by the want of ſhame betrayed on Madame de Clairville's part. This incident ſoon became the general talk of the place. The ladies aſſembled in groupes of four, five, and ſix together, at the rooms, at the public breakfaſts, on the walks, ſcanning it over in a half whiſper, with geſtures expreſſive of all proper horror at the wound given to the delicacy of the ſex in

 general,

general, by ſuch groſs behaviour in an individual. Many of the fair creatures even took the opportunity of bluſhing whenever Madame de Clairville appeared; while from me they turned aſide with the utmoſt indignation, as the aider and abettor at leaſt, if not the principal cauſe, of the poor widow's delinquency.

But while ſhe was thus made a mark for the arrows of rigid cenſure, compaſſion was no leſs liberally extended to Miſs Perkins, who was ſo unfortunate as to be preſent at the tranſaction; and who certainly was the only perſon that appeared properly impreſſed with it, unleſs Mr. Peters be excepted, who politely turned away his face, and ſtuffed his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth to conceal a laugh, or to conceal that he could not force one on an occaſion which ſo eminently called for it. With ſome perſons, indeed, aſtoniſhment that a woman of Miſs Perkins's delicacy of mind, and ſtrict propriety of conduct, would be ſeen walking with ſuch

an impudent huſſey as Madame de Clairville, was mingled with the compaſſion expreſſed for her. Some excuſe for this was however to be made, as ſhe was unfortunately in the ſame party with Miſs O'Brien, whoſe intimacy with the widow led Miſs Perkins almoſt unavoidably into her company.

Many more anecdotes could I give you of theſe two bewitching ſorcereſſes, would it not detain me too long from their company; and I truſt that no more is wanting, Mr. Li., to fill thy boſom with the moſt corroding envy of

Thy very affectionate

ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

LETTER XIV.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-House, August 18.

My laſt, St. John, concluded with a ſummons to breakfaſt on the morning after the ſerenade. As I approached the breakfaſt room, the door being open, I heard Mrs. Harriſon's voice as if in earneſt converſation; and not doubting but that any thing ſaid by her muſt be well worthy of attention, I was induced rather to liſten at an awful diſtance, and unſeen by her, than to hazard the putting any check upon her oratory by my ſudden appearance. I ſoon found that ſhe was queſtioning Beauchamp about the adventures of the preceding night, of which ſhe ſaid ſhe had got ſome *inkling*—I uſe her own word—from her maid Nanny as ſhe was a dreſſing of her.

" Aye, well," ſhe proceeded, " I thought
" that Mr. Stanhope ſeemed one of your
" clever folks, and they're always a doing
" ſomething odd. Thank God, I a'n't
" clever!"

And certainly if that be a ſubject for gratitude to heaven, I know of no perſon on whoſe gratitude the Creator has ſtronger claims than on Mrs. Rebecca Harriſon's. She concluded with ſaying;—" But I'll
" tell you what we'll do—we'll have a
" little fun with Mr. Stanhope. I'll *hoax*
" him" (again I uſe her own word, her very favourite word); " I'll *hoax* him
" about his knight-errantry."

Beauchamp made no reply; and as I heard footſteps, I thought it better to join them. On ſeeing me, the fair virgin immediately began:—" Oh, Mr. Egerton,
" I've been a hearing all about your couſin
" Stanhope's"—

But unfortunately my couſin's entrance put a ſtop to her imparting all that ſhe had been *a* hearing; and Olivia coming in

almoſt immediately, we arranged ourſelves round the breakfaſt table, Egerton looking extremely chagrined and mortified at the recollection of the laſt night's adventure.

We were ſcarcely ſeated before Mrs. Harriſon addreſſed our hoſteſs :—" Marm, " I hope you was'nt frighted laſt night " with the fellows that got into your bed-" chamber ?"

" You miſtake, Madam ; there was but " one man, and he got no farther than my " dreſſing-room."

Mrs. Harriſon made no immediate reply. She ſeemed to wiſh to be extremely funny, yet to be at a loſs how to ſet about it. She looked vaſtly important ; winked at Beauchamp, as if to ſay, now I'll be ſevere indeed ; and then turned again to Olivia.—" Oh ! ſaid ſhe, " why I thought " you was waked by two fellows, each " poking a piſtol into your bed."

" You quite miſapprehend the affair " then, Ma'am. The man carried no " offenſive weapon about him but his

" tongue ;

" tongue; nor did he appear to have any " intention of ſeizing my property by " force. Undermining ſeemed rather to " be his aim."

" Pho now!—Why Nanny told me " that Arthur ſaid they was two of a gang " of houſebreakers that he's often ſeen at " the Old Bailey; and that they was juſt " a breaking open of your bureau, when " Mr. Egerton came behind 'em, *wrinched* " the piſtols out of their hands, and was " a going to bind 'em to the bed-poſt, " when they darted away, bounced down " the ladder like a couple of monkeys, " and was out of ſight before you could " ſay Jack Robinſon."

This fine deſcription was accompanied with ſo much action, particularly flouriſhing the hands, that a knife and fork with which they were armed as inſtruments of offence againſt the many good things upon the table, unfortunately ſtruck, one the coffee-pot, the other the cream-jug, and fairly overturned both. The cream-

jug, comparatively inoffenſive, in its fall only inundated a plate of ruſks, and then the cream purſued its courſe quietly along the table. But the more ponderous coffee-pot, ſtriking againſt the bony end of a cold ham, occaſioned that to take a ſudden ſpring into the air; yet not having been properly trained to ſuch exhibitions, it did not, like a Sadlers-Wells rope-dancer, light again upon the ſame ſpot, but deſcended among a plate of rolls, and ſet them ſkipping this way and that, like the figurantes attendant upon himſelf, the principal performer in the ballet. One of theſe inferior gentry jumped into the midſt of a glaſs with butter and water, and made the latter aſcend in a fountain; this, in its deſcent, united its ſtream with thoſe from the coffee-pot and cream-jug; and altogether they formed a torrent which threatened to ſweep away knives, forks, plates, diſhes, and in ſhort the whole apparatus on the table, had not fortunately the alarum-bell, which was rung at the commencement

mencement of the disaster, at that moment brought in a footman, who instantly raised a mound with dusters and pocket-handkerchiefs, that stopped its further progress.

Scarcely could any thing have happened more unfortunately, since Mrs. Harrison, though so frequently offering up her thanks to God that she is not clever, is continually boasting of her own dexterity, and arraigning others for their awkwardness. At this moment too it was more particularly ill-timed, by coming at the conclusion of a speech so replete with wit and humour, and turning the attention of the company from that to the scene of anarchy and confusion before them.

Order however was soon restored, the table fresh spread, and the conversation resumed by the very person whose ill-fortune it had been to interrupt it, and who seemed very unwilling to be deprived of the least atom of her premeditated *hoax*.

"And

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW...

"And ſo Marm," ſaid ſhe, "that was'nt "true as Nanny was a telling of me?"

"No indeed, Madam, Mr. Arthur and Mrs. "Nanny were both extremely inaccurate in "their information. I acknowledge with "gratitude the gallantry of Mr. Egerton's "behaviour; but I ſhould have been very "ſorry to ſee him hazard his life, by at-"tempting to wrench a loaded piſtol from "the hands of a deſperate villain."

"Trifling and inſignificant as my ſer-"vices were, Madam," I ſaid, "they "ſcarcely merit gratitude. I could almoſt "wiſh indeed that there had been ſome "real danger, to have afforded me an "apportunity of evincing by my actions, "that there is no danger I would not joy-"fully encounter to ſerve Miſs Campbell."

"You are gallant indeed, Mr. Eger-"ton. The braveſt knight that ever "poiſed lance, could not have ſhewn more "ardour in the ſervice of the fair. You "really are ſcarcely inferior to Mr. Stan-"hope himſelf."

"My

"My friend muſt not be offended, Ma-
"dam, if I aſſure you that I ſhall always
"conſider his miſtake as a circumſtance
"of peculiar good fortune to me, ſince it
"has furniſhed me with an occaſion of
"recommending myſelf to your favour."

"Nay, now you are quite cruel to your
"couſin, Mr. Egerton; you ſhew him no
"mercy at all."

"What then ſhall we ſay of you, Ma-
"dam," ſaid Beauchamp. "You ſurely
"are not very lenient in thus dwelling on
"circumſtances which Mr. Stanhope can-
"not particularly wiſh ſhould be made the
"ſubject of our morning's entertainment.
"I proteſt I abſolutely pity him."

This was too much. Egerton had for ſome time ſat writhing and twiſting in his chair, ſcarcely able to reſtrain his impatience, but to pity him was paſt all bearing, and ſtarting up he muttered, "curſe "your pity," and went to lean out of the window.

There

There was a wildneſs in his look and manner that alarmed me, and ſeemed to make a deep impreſſion upon Olivia. I went to him, "for heaven's ſake, Harry," ſaid I, "take care what you do." He inſtantly recollected himſelf, and returning quietly to his ſeat, made an apology, but ſaid he was apprehenſive that a choaking in his throat, to which he was extremely ſubject, was coming on.

But as if all the fiends of Pandemonium had conſpired to torment him, after the company had been ſilent for two or three minutes, Olivia, to recommence converſation, told Beauchamp that ſhe had that morning received a letter from Mrs. Trelawney, who would be down in a few days.

The name of Trelawney was like an electric ſhock to poor Harry, and affected him the more ſtrongly, from his ſpirits having been previouſly ſo much ruffled. He ſtruggled with himſelf for a few moments—

ments—in vain,—again he ftarted up—again went and leaned out at the window. I followed him, "for God's fake," I faid, "have more command of yourfelf." He caft a look of agony upon me;—"be not "thus your own enemy," I continued. "What is become of your ufual felf-pof-"feffion?"

This enquiry feemed to reftore it, and he made one effort more to refume his feat. I faw that both Olivia and Beauchamp were ftruck with his agitation, and perplexed in what way to attempt reftoring converfation and hilarity. In this dilemma Mrs. Harrifon proved of effential fervice. Unobfervant of what had paffed, fhe remained abforbed in her breakfaft, for eating is with her one of the moft important concerns of life, but that finifhed, her next care was to devife fome means of killing the morning, fo fhe addreffed Olivia: "Suppofe, my dear, you was to "offer the gentlemen to go to fhew 'em "*them* mills."

"The

"The Cotton Mills at Gresley do you "mean, Madam?"

"Aye, I believe it was Gresley. *Them* "Mills I mean, where they work up the "cotton from its first coming off the "sheep's back, till its fit to wear."

"I beg your pardon, Madam, they are "*Cotton* Mills."

"Aye, my dear, I know that; *were* we "saw the rough Cotton just as it comes off "the sheep's back."

Don't suppose me guilty of rhodomontade, Orlando. She literally repeated the "*Cotton off the sheep's back*," a second time. I can scarcely imagine how we all refrained from laughing, but we did hear it with tolerable composure. Olivia replied,— "The gentlemen will do as they please, "Madam. My guests know that my car-"riages and horses are always at their "command; but for myself I must beg "to be excused, as I have letters to write "which will occupy me for the whole mor-"ning."

"Well

" Well then," ſaid Mrs. Harriſon, " Mr. " Beauchamp ſhall take Mr. Egerton, in " his *wiſkey*." Pray obſerve the proper pronunciation, here, Orlando, for the good lady in queſtion always drops the *h*, when aſſociated with a *w*, becauſe ſhe ſays 'tis ſo confounded pedantic to pronounce it.— " Mr. Beauchamp ſhall take Mr. Egerton " in his wiſkey, and Mr. Stanhope ſhall " drive me in Miſs Campbell's phæton."

" I ſhould think," ſaid Beauchamp, " that there will be no occaſion for the " whiſkey. If Miſs Campbell will permit " the two gentlemen to accompany Mrs. " Harriſon in the phæton, I can mount " my horſe, and then we need not take a " ſervant."

" Pho now," returned Mrs. Harriſon, " that's cramming one up ſo. But you're " always for ſparing the ſervants trouble."

" Rather, Madam, for ſparing myſelf " being troubled with their attendance."

" Aye, that's one of your independent " ways, as you call it. But I hate your

" notions

" notions of independence, ſo let it be as
" I ſettled."

" Well then," ſaid Beauchamp, " perhaps Mr. Egerton will have no objection to riding alſo."

I was about to remonſtrate ſtrenuouſly againſt this arrangement, and plead for Mrs. Harriſon's, as I wiſhed extremely for ſome private converſation with Beauchamp, and thought the whiſkey would afford an excellent opportunity for it. But Doctor Paul coming in unexpectedly, Beauchamp invited him to join the party, and propoſed his accompanying me in the whiſkey, and then he could himſelf purſue his plan of going on horſeback.

To this propoſal, which I verily believe was made on purpoſe to teaze me, the Doctor readily aſſented, only lamenting extremely that we were not to have the pleaſure of Miſs Campbell's company. At the ſame time he ſuggeſted, that as we ſhould be within half a mile of Mr. Donellan's at Flaxland Place, we might as

well include that in our ride, as his grounds, though very confined, were laid out with ſuch exquiſite taſte, that they were well worth the attention of all ſtrangers. The idea met with Mrs. Harriſon's warm approbation, as ſhe ſeemed apprehenſive that the mills might not occupy the whole morning, conſequently that there might be an hour or two which ſhe ſhould not know how to get rid of, and no objection being made by any other of the party, the thing was ſoon ſettled. All matters being therefore at laſt arranged, we ſet off, Mrs. Harriſon inſtructing Egerton how to hold the reins and manage the horſes, to my no ſmall amuſement, and his no ſmall chagrin, ſince he values himſelf upon being one of the moſt *knowing whips* in the kingdom.

My companion ſeeming determined if poſſible to make himſelf agreeable, began the converſation with an elaborate eulogium upon the virtues and accompliſhments of the heireſs, and then by a very natural concatenation, adverted to the

great

great intimacy that had long ſubſiſted between the Stanhope and Campbell families. He obſerved what a prodigious favourite the late Mrs. Egerton was with General Campbell, and that probably if he had known her before ſhe was married, ſhe would have been Mrs. Campbell. Then he remarked again upon my uncommon reſemblance to Sir Francis, and that I had quite a Stanhope face, even more ſo than my couſin Stanhope himſelf. Next he proceeded to ſay that he never ſaw a young man ſo prepoſſeſſing at firſt ſight as Mr. Stanhope, and expreſſed his warmeſt wiſhes that he and Miſs Campbell might form a mutual attachment, as it would be a match in every way ſo ſuitable, and would give ſo much ſatisfaction to their friends on both ſides.

To all this common-place nonſenſe I anſwered not a word; but the Doctor indeed did not appear to want any anſwer, ſince he continued to entertain me in the ſame ſtrain, till at length he introduced

Mrs.

Mrs. and Miſs Belgrave, and obſerved how noble had been Miſs Campbell's conduct towards them. This induced me to break ſilence. I earneſtly wiſhed to know more of their hiſtory, as I was fully convinced from many things which had fallen under my obſervation, that there was ſome myſtery attached to it, and I thought if I could learn the ſecret from the Doctor, that it would be ſome ſmall compenſation for having him forced upon me as a companion.

I therefore replied, that I was totally unacquainted with the extent of Miſs Campbell's kindneſs to theſe two unfortunate ladies, ſince I had never heard it mentioned but in general terms, and I ſhould be much obliged to him if he could favour me with the particulars. But how noble ſoever had been Miſs Campbell's conduct, I obſerved, I did not doubt but that Miſs Belgrave had ſhewn herſelf deſerving of it, ſince ſhe appeared one of the moſt amiable of women.

To this Doctor Paul readily aſſented, and extremely regretted that he could not give me the information I wiſhed. But he ſaid he had been only ſix years rector of the pariſh, and all he knew was, that at the time of his coming Mrs. and Miſs Belgrave had long been inmates of Campbell-Houſe. He always underſtood that they had been entirely ſupported by General Campbell during his life, aud ſince his death by his daughter, but that an uniform ſecrecy was obſerved as to the circumſtances which reduced them to this ſtate of dependence. He had lately however, heard, that they had ſome proſpect of recovering an eſtate in Ireland which had long been litigated, and which would place them in affluence.

By this time we had reached the mills, whence, after we had ſufficiently ſurveyed them, we proceeded to Mr. Donellan's. Here Rebecca mounted indeed upon her hobby-horſe. She particularly prides herſelf on her knowledge of trees and plants, and on

her taſte in the picturesque, conſequently ſhe is a great critic in gardening and laying out grounds. Whether or not ſhe had not found Harry altogether as gallant as ſhe expected I cannot pretend to ſay, but deſerting him, ſhe now ſeized upon my arm, and dragged me hither and thither at a moſt unmerciful rate. Firſt I muſt ſee a *cactus grandiflorus*, then I was pulled another way to look at a *deciduous cypreſs*, then at a view, then at ſomething elſe, yet all the time ſhe arraigned me very ſeverely for not appearing pleaſed: I aſſured her I was highly delighted, and that I had never ſeen a place which for the ſize diſplayed more taſte and variety. "Aye, but," ſaid ſhe, "you never *ex-* "*preſs*— I hate your folks that never *ex-* "*preſs*, for there's no telling wether "they're pleaſed or not; now you may "always tell when I'm pleaſed, be- "cauſe I *expreſs*." And then ſhe peered through her glaſs—"What a noble larch! "that's a cedar of—of—Lord bleſs me,

 "I forget,

"I forget the name. I dare ſay you
"never ſee one of *them* trees before, they're
"ſuch great curioſities—isn't it a beauty?
"—What a lovely peep that is through
"*them* what d'ye call 'em's, Weymouth
"pines I believe they are, into that val-
"ley."

Thus did ſhe go on, *expreſſing* and *expreſſing*, till my patience was well nigh wearied out, and I was heartily glad to be releaſed by Mr. Donellan's politely inviting us into the houſe to eat Sandwiches.

The little I had collected from Doctor Paul relative to the Belgraves, only made me ten times more anxious for a private conference with Beauchamp, to learn, if poſſible, farther particulars from him, and I therefore determined, when we were ſetting off on our return, to make a ſecond attempt at being his companion in the whiſkey. But this was not to be accompliſhed. The fair ſpinſter not having yet tormented me ſufficiently, inſiſted that as

Mr. Stanhope had driven her thither, Mr. Egerton ſhould drive her back. In reply I urged that this would be making an unequal diſtribution of her favours; that as I had been honoured with her arm in walking about, Doctor Paul's turn was now come, and I thought he ought to be her charioteer. But my remonſtrance was of no avail; nothing would content her but my accompanying her in the phaeton, and to this I was obliged, however reluctantly, to ſubmit.

I therefore ſeated myſelf by her ſide, when ſhe began a long and eloquent ſeries of obſervations upon *them* mills, and *them* grounds, that we had been *a* ſeeing, and *them* birds *a* ſinging ſo ſweetly, and *them* people at work in the fields, *a* looking ſo picturesque, and ſundry other *thems*, too tedious to enumerate; but ſince I was not particularly pleaſed with my ſituation, and was too much intereſted by the myſterious Harriot to pay much attention to any thing elſe, I made no more anſwer to her

than I had done for a long time to Doctor Paul.

But ſhe did not take my ſilence quite ſo contentedly as the Doctor, for tired at laſt with not being able to obtain a ſingle reply, ſhe ſaid rather angrily—" Why you " don't talk, Mr. Egerton. But mayhap " you're one of *them* kind of people that " don't like talking in a carriage."

" Oh yes, Madam," I replied, " I have " no kind of objection to it, if any ſubjects " for converſation occur."

" Aye," ſaid ſhe, looking very wiſe, " but that's the art now—to make occur- " rences." Mrs. Harriſon is certainly a very agreeable companion in a phaeton, whatever ſhe might be in a poſt-chaiſe.

Orlando, had I time, I have a vaſt deal more to impart of a very unaccountable nature indeed; but at preſent I muſt lay down my pen, though with an aſſurance that it ſhall be reſumed the very firſt opportunity. In the mean time let me ſuggeſt, that as Charlotte O'Brien is related

to

to the Belgraves, you might perhaps be able to learn their ſtory from her. Bear this in your mind, and whatever diſcoveries you make, be ſure to tranſmit them faithfully to me.

I had almoſt forgotten to ſay that we have heard no more of the propoſed inveſtigation into the affair of laſt night. Perhaps Olivia thinks it better dropped, conſcious that ſhe herſelf, no leſs than Egerton, would make but a ridiculous figure in it.

Farewell; and believe me now, as ever,

Yours moſt faithfully,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XV.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-Houſe, Auguſt 20.

I TOLD you in my laſt, Orlando, that I had ſtrange things to communicate. They appear to me now more unaccountable than ever; and I am daily, nay hourly, more and more perplexed what opinion to form of Olivia's character. Combating as ſhe does, in many inſtances, the abſurd prejudices of the world, and acting in general in ſuch perfect conformity with the dictates of ſound reaſon, can it be poſſible that ſuch a mind ſhould give way to any kind of ſuperſtition?—Yet 'tis no uncommon thing to ſee perſons riſing ſuperior to all other prejudices excepting thoſe which attach to ſome religious belief, yet clinging to them with a folly and weakneſs

weakneſs totally inconſiſtent with the general firmneſs of their character.

That Arthur entertained a belief in ghoſts, excited in me no ſurpriſe. It was the natural effect of the ignorance and credulity ſo prevalent among his claſs of ſociety, acting upon a conſcience by no means clear of reproach. But I was exceedingly aſtoniſhed to find that Olivia not only did not condemn ſuch a belief among her ſervants, as contrary to all reaſon and experience, and endeavour immediately to convince them of their folly in fancying that they heard ſuper-natural noiſes in one part of her houſe, but that ſhe even countenanced and ſupported them in ſo groſs a ſuperſtition.

Thus I reaſoned, when firſt I learned that one wing of this manſion was reputed to be haunted, and that Olivia had not ſufficient reſolution to inveſtigate the cauſe of the noiſes heard there, but rather ſuffered it to be ſhut up and totally neglected. Yet for a moment, I muſt confeſs that my

own faith was ſtaggered, and no ſmall exertion of my reaſon was neceſſary to convince myſelf that all was deception.

On the morning after the ſerenade, Arthur did not attend as uſual at his maſter's toilette, but one of the footmen of the houſe anſwered his bell when he rang, and informed him that his own valet was ſtill in bed. After we returned from our excurſion, we went up together to Harry's room, where we found Arthur waiting for us.—" Lord, Sir," ſaid he, " I have been " wanting ſo to ſee you, to tell you " that I can't ſtay another night in this " houſe, for 'tis haunted, and I've ſeen the " ſpirit, and I'm afraid of my life every " moment I ſtay here."

" Prithee no more of this nonſenſe," ſaid Harry. " What new vagary is in your " head now?"

" Oh pray don't call it nonſenſe, my " dear maſter," ſaid the affrighted valet, " for fear you ſhould be ſerved as I have " been. I never uſed to believe in ghoſts,

" not

" not I, but talk as lightly about 'em as " you do, and ſay, damn 'em I ſhould like " to ſee the ghoſt that dares to face Ar- " thur Williams, I'd teach 'em the odds " on't, that's what I would—I fancy I " ſhould be up to a thing or two of that " kind—I'd cut him a nice neat ſtroke " acroſs his bare ribs with my cane, till " I made his bones ring again. But now " I wouldn't for the world ſay ſuch things, " for as ſure as can be 'twas all along of " my talking in that way that I met it laſt " night as I left your room."

" How ?—as you left my room ?"

" Yes to be ſure, at that very time: " I had got pretty near the door that goes " out from the gallery to the great ſtair- " caſe, when puff comes a great guſt of " wind and blows out my candle, though " 'twas as ſtill and calm a night out of " doors as ever mortal eyes ſhould ſee ; " and then looking up, there ſtood an old " man full in the moonſhine, juſt by one " of the windows, with a head like a ſkele-

" ton, hair as white as ſnow, and the mon-
" ſtrouſeſt great beard. Well, I've often
" heard that beards grow in the coffin, and
" now I believe 'tis true, for I can't con-
" ceive elſe how the ghoſt could have
" come by one all that length. He never
" could have had it when he was alive,
" that's a ſure thing, for I verily believe
" that it trailed upon the ground, and he
" muſt have trod upon it in walking."

" Well, don't plague us about his beard,
" but go on with your ſtory."

" All on a ſudden, juſt as I turned my
" eyes that way, the window ſhutters
" clapped to without being touched, and
" then I was left ſo entirely in the dark
" that I could ſee nothing more, but I had
" ſcarcely a heart to ſtir for fear the ghoſt
" ſhould be after me. I was thinking
" once to come back to your room, my
" dear maſter, for a light, but I thought
" you'd be angry, as we hadn't parted the
" beſt friends in the world; and beſides,
" thinks I, if Mr. Ghoſt there's ſpiteful, he'll

" only raiſe a wind and blow it out again. " What to do I didn't know, but at length " I bethought myſelf that I'd pull off my " ſhoes to prevent making a noiſe, and then " have a run for it. Off I ſets, therefore, " ſcampering down ſtairs fit to break my " neck, but as ſure as you're alive I heard " it pat, pat, pat, after me, as hard as it " could go; however, I never ſtopped till " I got into my own room, and then I " clapped the door to, and locked it faſt. " 'Tis a wonder how I got along ſo well " in the dark, but I've heard that one can " do any thing if one is but frightened " enough. Well, I wouldn't ſtay to un- " dreſs, but ſkulked under the quilt di- " rectly, and there I lay trembling and " ſhaking till day-light. Then, as I was " ſure that the ghoſt muſt be gone I ven- " tured to get comfortably into bed, and " got a good nap, and that was the reaſon " that I was not awake when your honour " rung in the morning. But if you'll be- " lieve me though, while I lay under the

" quilt I felt a cold, cold hand, groping " about for me ſeveral times, and 'tis a " wonder how I eſcaped being found " out."

" And what did you ſuppoſe the ghoſt " wanted with you ?" I aſked.

" Oh Lord, Sir, there's no telling; a " hundred things, perhaps."

" Poſſibly had heard that you were fa- " mous for handling a razor, and wanted " you to help him off with his long " beard."

" Pray, dear Sir, don't make a joke of " him, for then 'tis odds but he's after you " too. You may think if you pleaſe that " there's nothing in it, as I did when firſt " I got an inkling about it from the ſer- " vants, but now I've ſeen it, and know " better."

" The ſervants of the houſe then have " ſeen the ghoſt as well as you ?" ſaid I.

" As for *ſeeing*, I can't ſay," he replied, " but they know very well that it does " walk, for they've been ſhaking their

" heads,

" heads and looking wiſe about it ever " ſince we came here. I uſed to quiz 'em " a bit or ſo, becauſe I did not believe " in ſuch things, but now mum ſhall be " the word with me, and I hope in God, " my dear maſter, that march will be the " word with you, for I ſhall never be able " to ſtir again after dark, for fear of what " may happen."

" What did the ſervants tell you about " the ghoſt?" ſaid Egerton.

" Why, you muſt know, as I was one " day looking about me, I comes to a door " at one end of the long gallery that runs " through the middle of the houſe. I " tried to open it, but found it faſt locked. " So as I had ſeen all the reſt of the caſtle, " I'd a mind to ſee that wing too, and I " went and aſked the butler if he could " help me to the key of that door. I " can to be ſure, ſaid he, but whether I " will or not, is another ſtory. And why " ſo? ſays I. Why, ſays he a little ſa- " vagely, for your honour muſt have ob-

" ſerved

" ferved that the butler is but a crufty kind
" of a chap, becaufe my miftrefs doesn't
" choofe that part of the houfe fhould be
" feen. And what's the whim of that?
" fays I. Whim, fays he, pleafe to hold
" your impertinent tongue, you'd beft not
" fpeak fo difrefpectfully of my miftrefs.
" Well, damn it, fays I, you need not be
" fo very uppifh about the matter, I don't
" care whether I fee the mufty old houfe or
" not. For all there's fo much of it, 'tisn't
" half fo well worth feeing as a lodging
" in St. James's Street. With that the
" fellow ups with his foot to kick me, fo I
" thought it high time to vote myfelf
" fcarce, and away I ran.

" Well, then I applies to Will Beck-
" ford, one of the footmen, and afks if he
" could get me the key of the door.
" He didn't fnap indeed like the butler,
" for Will is a tolerably civil fellow, but
" he puts on a long wife face, fhakes his
" head, and faid no, that was impoffible,
" his miftrefs never fuffered that wing of
" the

" the houſe to be ſhewn. And what's
" the joke of that? ſays I. No joke, ſays
" he, there's things in that room ſhe
" doesn't chooſe ſhould be ſeen. What
" things? ſays I. Why, you fool, ſays he,
" you might as well ſee 'em yourſelf, as I
" tell you what they are; beſides, what if
" I don't know no more than you. But you
" can gueſs perhaps, ſays I, and there's no
" harm in gueſſing. Mayhap not, ſays he,
" but ſuppoſe I don't chooſe to gueſs, and
" at that minute the bell rang, and off he
" marched.

" Next I thought I'd try what was to be
" done with my pretty Abigail, for you
" muſt think now, my dear maſter, I
" began to have a mortal deſire to know
" all about it. But no, ſhe was in the
" ſame ſtory, her miſtreſs did not chooſe
" that part of the houſe to be ſeen. Why,
" what the devil can ſhe keep locked up
" there? ſays I. Layer-overs for med-
" lars, replies the laſs, and you happened
" to be the firſt. Lord, ſays I, you are
" mighty

" mighty ſharp. Serve you right, ſays " ſhe, what buſineſs have you to be prying " into my lady's ſecrets. Well, ſays I, " be as cloſe as you pleaſe, I only aſked " to ſee what you'd ſay, for I know faſt " enough that your beautiful lady ſhuts up " the room, becauſe her old father's ghoſt " walks there; for I thought this would " put Madam Jenny in a paſſion, and then " out it would all come. And it did partly " anſwer; for ſays ſhe, well, and if you " knew all that, what occaſion was there " to aſk me about it?—but I beg to know, " Sir, who told you this, for my lady ſhall " hear of it, and the ſervant that blabbed " ſhall be turned away directly. What " then, it is the old gentleman, ſays I. If " it be my maſter, ſays ſhe, he never does " harm to nobody, and that's more than " can be ſaid of every body's maſter."

" Still however I couldn't be quite ſa-" tisfied, but wanted to know whether all " the ſervants thought the ſame about it. " So I goes up to Coachy, as he was

" putting

" putting to his horfes, for he's a mighty
" fteady chap, and fays I, fo Mr. Jen-
" kins, fays I, they tell me, that your old
" mafter walks of a night? He fhook
" his head. But always keeps in the old
" wing, fays I; does not come among the
" company?—Shake went his noddle again.
" Makes a little noife though now and
" then, with lumbering about in the dark?
" Another fhake. Well, 'tis mortal ftrange
" of the old fellow, fays I.—Shake went his
" upper ftory once more, and then he
" whips upon the box, and away he drives.

" To be fure I did think all this mortal
" odd, yet I fcarcely knew how to believe
" that the old gentleman could give his
" coffin the go by in fuch a way; but I
" thought that the fervants wanted to keep
" that part of the houfe for themfelves
" for fome damn'd fly purpofe or another,
" and fo made their lady believe that the
" ghoft had got there. But now I've no
" fuch thoughts, and once more I tell you,
" my dear mafter, that I wo'n't ftay ano-
" ther

" ther night in the houſe, leſt his honour
" the ghoſt ſhould take it into his head to
" do ſomething more than frighten me."

" But how happened it," ſaid I, " that
" the ſpirit had got to the other ſide of
" the houſe? for, according to the ſer-
" vants account, he keeps entirely in the
" old wing."

" Aye, but your ghoſts are ſuch ſlip-
" pery kinds of things, that when once
" they've got into a houſe, there's no
" knowing what part they'll come to next;
" and if he has a grudge againſt me, he'll
" have me one way or another you may be
" ſure. And finally to make ſhort of the
" matter, here I wo'n't ſtay."

" Go then, if you pleaſe," ſaid Egerton,
" I certainly *ſhall* ſtay."

" Why 'twill all be to no purpoſe, for
" neither the lady, nor the *rino*, for aught
" I can ſee, appear to be come-at-able."

" Ceaſe your impertinence, and begone.
" I ſhall ſtay as long as I pleaſe, but you
" are perfectly at liberty to go."

Arthur

Arthur was about to reply, but Harry ſaid in ſuch a peremptory tone, "begone "this inſtant," that he walked off with a gloomy countenance and ſullen air.

I was not a little ſtruck with this detail, and I muſt confeſs thought with Arthur, that the whole ſtory was a fabrication among the ſervants to impoſe upon their miſtreſs, and ſerve ſome private ends of their own. As to the apparition which he affirmed he ſaw, that might eaſily be accounted for from the effect of his own fears, ſince he probably was deeply impreſſed with what he had heard, though affecting to turn it into ridicule.

But to inveſtigate the affair thoroughly, became from that moment my moſt ardent wiſh, and I reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of queſtioning Olivia about that part of the houſe, ſo as to arrive at her reaſons for keeping it ſhut up, ſince I could by no means ſuppoſe Arthur in poſſeſſion of the truth, and that the ſervants really had duped their miſtreſs ſo groſsly, as to

perſuade her that her father's ſpirit actually made it the ſcene of his nocturnal rambles.

Fortune favoured this deſign, by bringing the heireſs and myſelf into the drawing-room at tea time, a quarter of an hour before any other of the company appeared. I immediatety availed myſelf of being thus tête-à-tête with her, to ſay that I hoped I had not been guilty of impertinence, but as I was extremely fond of exploring old houſes, I had been endeavouring to paſs into the old wing which appeared uninhabited, but had however found the entrance barred againſt me.

"Thoſe apartments have not been in-"habited for ſeveral years," ſhe replied. "Indeed the houſe is ſo large that they "are not wanted."

"But might I not be indulged with a "ſight of them? I ſhould ſurmiſe from "the appearance of the great window at "the end of the wing, that the whole, or "a part of it at leaſt, muſt formerly have "been a chapel."

"There

"There was once a chapel there."

"In the times of Catholicifm, per-
"haps?"

"I believe fo."

"And poffibly it may contain many
"curious and interefting relicks of that ex-
"traordinary fuperftition?"

"None of any confequence."

"Does the chapel occupy the whole
"wing?"

"Not much more than half."

"There are apartments then between
"the long gallery and the chapel?"

"One very large room."

"But not to be feen?"

"'Tis feldom opened."

"Is it impertinent to requeft admiffion
"both to that and the chapel?"

"'Tis better not afked, refufal is un-
"pleafant."

"I am forry I have tranfgreffed."

"No offence, Mr. Egerton; you could
"not know my reafons for keeping them
"clofed."

"Excufe

"Excuſe me, Madam, there ſeems ſome
"myſtery?"

"I have been unwilling to think ſo—
"yet 'tis wonderful."

"How?—you aſtoniſh me, Madam."

"I am myſelf aſtoniſhed."

"Heavens, what can you mean?"

"Unaccountable noiſes are heard there."

"Rats perhaps. They will often make
"very unaccountable noiſes."

"Rats, Mr. Egerton!—Would I could
"be ſatisfied of that!"

"Nothing eaſier, ſurely."

"Than to be convinced 'tis ſomething
"more; as you would be, had you ſeen
"and heard what has been witneſſed by the
"eyes and ears of others."

"The ghoſts then have been ſeen as well
"as heard? That is indeed extraordinary,
"ſince they are ſeldom ſo obliging as to
"ſhew themſelves."

"Talk not thus lightly I entreat!—
"Reaſon would perſuade me that the ſpi-
"rit reſts with the body."

"Reaſon

"Reaſon certainly does not teach that "to all, elſe had the idea of ghoſts never "gained credit in the world."

"But does any perſon of ſound reaſon "believe in the departed ſoul's ſtill hover-"ing about the ſpot it loved on earth?"

"Not of *ſound* reaſon, I believe. That "is rather the creed of a heated imagi-"nation."

"So I have been accuſtomed to think.— "But yet—"

"Think ſo ſtill. Truſt me, Madam, "that if your houſe is reported to be viſit-"ed by departed ſpirits, the ſtory has been "circulated for no good purpoſe."

"What would you inſinuate, Mr. Eger-"ton?"

"That ſuch a report probably originated "from the ſervants, to anſwer ſome ſiniſter "views of their own."

"Oh no!—My life upon the honeſty "and integrity of every domeſtic in my "houſe. Not one among them but has "lived many years irreproachably in the "family,

" family, and I ſhould eſteem myſelf cul-
" pable were I to entertain a momentary
" doubt of their fidelity."

" It may be then people of the village,
" who, as that part of the houſe is ſhut up,
" have found means to gain an entrance
" for private purpoſes of their own, and
" have raiſed falſe alarms in the family
" to ſcreen themſelves from diſcovery."

" You would not ſay ſo, were you your-
" ſelf to hear the noiſes."

" I have no doubt that I ſhould hear
" ſome impoſture, and I would omit no
" effort for its detection."

" I would not wiſh you to make the ex-
" periment."

" And wherefore not, Madam?"

" Becauſe as the nephew of Sir Francis
" Stanhope, I place ſome value upon your
" life."

" Can I riſk my life in a better cauſe
" than in ſeeking to render a ſervice to
" Miſs Campbell?—Let me watch in that
" room to-night, Madam."

" No,

"No, Sir.—*You* may be fool-hardy, "*I* am not."

"I do not mean to ſhew myſelf fool-"hardy. I will be properly armed againſt "mortal powers—of immortal I have no "fear."

"I own this is being the true hero of "romance—but take care what you are "about, Sir."

"You miſtake me, Madam. It is not "fame I ſeek, 'tis only my own ſatis-"faction. Do not then refuſe my re-"queſt."

'I confeſs it is much my wiſh to have "this matter more fully inveſtigated;—"yet ſhould any thing unfortunate hap-"pen"—

"Away with ſuch fears!—Only grant "my requeſt, and leave the reſt to me. "Believe me, I ſhall ever gratefully ac-"knowledge the obligation."

"There is no bed in the room."

"If there were, I ſhould not lie down."

"No furniture but an old table and
"chair, and the room is wainſcotted with
"diſmal old cedar."

"'Tis but the more romantic."

"It contaihs many old arms, and ſome
"ſuits of armour."

"I ſhall be the better defended."

"And you really wiſh to paſs the night
"there?"

"So ardently, that I could not be eaſy
"elſewhere."

"Well then, be it ſo. But underſtand,
"Mr. Egerton, that no preparation can
"be made for your reception; and the
"door muſt not be unlocked till the mo-
"ment of your entrance. You may be
"armed if you pleaſe."

"Oh, I freely conſent to all."

"And you muſt be ſilent as to your in-
"tention, though after all is over you may
"freely relate what you have ſeen."

"Agreed."

"Then come with me to my room for
"the key; only give me your honour that
"it

"it ſhall not be uſed till we ſeparate for
"the night."

"You may rely upon me."

I attended her to her room, and received the key with a freſh injunction to ſilence till the morning. This ſettled, we went down to tea.

Had I been to fly to the arms of an adored miſtreſs, I could not have expected night more eagerly, or with greater anxiety. Yet I ſuffered not the thoughts of my adventure to engroſs me ſo entirely, but that I watched Olivia very narrowly. I obſerved her to be more thoughtful than uſual, yet ſhe never left the room for a ſingle moment, ſo that I could not ſuſpect her of making any preparations to alarm me with ſtrange viſions or noiſes. I never loſt ſight of her for a moment after I received the key; I accompanied her up ſtairs when ſhe retired, and then charging my piſtols, haſtened with them, a candle, and a book, to the ſcene of my adventure.

I entered the room; all was dark, dismal, and dreary. I locked the door carefully, and put the key in my pocket; then laying my book and piſtols upon the table, I applied myſelf to a ſtrict examination of my new abode. On one ſide of it was a large high canopy, from the back of which hung to the ground a tapeſtry, ornamented with a variety of armorial bearings. I endeavoured to ſearch behind this, but found it faſtened to the wainſcot; I however rapped againſt it with my hand, and was convinced that it could conceal nothing corporeal, however it might ſerve as the hiding-place for a *ſpirit*.

On another ſide of the room was a very large old-faſhioned looking-glaſs, which reached to the ground, and completely diſplayed the whole figure. I confeſs I was ſurpriſed to find this remaining here uſeleſs, ſince the plate muſt be of great value, though it was encumbered with an immenſe maſs of frightful, heavy ornaments.

ornaments. When I had ſatisfied myſelf with ſpeculating upon the mirror, I proceeded to examine the arms and armour, of which I found a great profuſion. At length I came to a gigantic figure of a knight "*in complete ſteel,*" with the helmet unbraced, ſo that the countenance was viſible, and I beheld two large glaring black eyes fixed directly upon me. I gave an involuntary ſtart, but inſtantly recovering myſelf, examined the warrior as carefully as I had before examined the tapeſtry, and was ſoon fully convinced that the eyes which had given me a momentary feeling of terror belonged to no animate form, but that the figure was a mere ſenſeleſs block, or lump of wax.

My next care was to examine what avenues to the room there might be, by which pretended ghoſts might gain admittance, but no door could I find excepting that to the gallery, which on my coming into the room I had carefully locked and bolted on the inſide; and as to the win-

dows, they were at fo great a height from the floor, that no danger could be apprehended fiom that quarter, and they were befides covered with long thick tarpaulins. Another fide of the room was occupied by a large old fafhioned chimney, capable of burning up a whole load of wood at one blaze, but now filled with rufty helmets, fwords, battle-axes, and various relics of martial prowefs. Thefe I turned over, to affure myfelf that nobody was concealed beneath them, and then looking up the chimney, I perceived a grating of iron two or three feet above my head, which muft effectually preclude a defcent that way.

Thus fatisfied that I was fafe from the intrufion of flefh and blood, and not apprehenfive of other vifitors, I ventured to fit down at the table and take my book. It was Young's Night Thoughts; I opened it, when the firft thing that met my eyes was that exquifite paffage, "*The bell* "*ftrikes one.*" Inftantly the folemn found of

of one ſtruck upon the great clock of the caſtle, in a turret directly over my head. Never ſhall I forget the impreſſion it made upon me!—I dropped the book involuntarily upon my knee—I pauſed—I looked around me—there was a ſomething ſo awful in the gloom and deſolate appearance of the apartment, and the dreary ſilence that reigned around, broken only by the ſingle ſolemn ſound I had juſt heard, that I felt a momentary impulſe to riſe and quit a ſcene, where even my ſtout heart began to be appalled. But inſtantly my attention was rouſed to other matters, on hearing a violent craſh, reſembling the firing off a large cannon. I ſtarted, I turned towards the door, when a ruſhing wind came from the other ſide of the room, and blew out my candle, leaving me totally in the dark. I was half mad with vexation, ſince, deprived of light, I felt myſelf powerleſs to inveſtigate the cauſe of this extraordinary phænomenon. I was not however ſuffered to remain long at

leifure to torment myfelf with this idea, but was haraffed by a fucceffion of wonders, each of which almoft obliterated all fenfe of the former. A light of a very uncommon nature darted along the room, in a direct line with my eyes, in the midft of which I beheld, ftanding directly before me, a figure in a long white garment, in whofe features I inftantly recognifed, oh God! the perfect refemblance of my father.

My feelings are not to be defcribed.—Armed, as I thought I was, againft whatever might happen, yet a fight fo awful, fo unexpected, abfolutely for fome moments petrified me with horror. I foon, however, recovered myfelf, and catching up one of my piftols, advanced towards the figure. It did not move, and I feemed to get clofe to it, but ftretching out my hand to feize it, I found that I grafped at vacancy. Still I beheld it; I could even obferve a variation in the features, which at one moment frowned upon me with an awful feverity, at the next were illumined

with that ſmile of benevolent affection which I had ſo often ſeen overſpread the venerable Baronet's countenance, when after a tranſient ſtorm we ſhook hands again as friends. This extraordinary viſion continued for about the ſpace of two minutes, and then vaniſhed, leaving me once more in total darkneſs.

I ſtood for ſome moments in the ſame ſpot, transfixed with aſtoniſhment, when I was again ſtartled by a voice that ſaid in a deep, ſolemn, and emphatic tone, as if it came from the inmoſt receſſes of the darkſome tomb itſelf, "IMPOSTOR, TREM-"BLE!!!"

Overwhelmed with confuſion and vexation, I ſtaggered back to my ſeat, and throwing myſelf into it, laid my folded arms upon the table, and buried my face in them, when I ſoon perceived a faint odour in the room, unlike any thing to which my ſenſes had ever been accuſtomed, and which gave me ſenſations I am unable to deſcribe. Again I ſtarted up and

looked around me, in hopes that ſomething more might be ſeen ; but all was dark as the grave, though not equally ſilent, for I now began to hear the thunder rolling at a diſtance.

I could almoſt have curſed the elements for thus interpoſing, and lending their aid to add force to the ſtrange and unaccountable deceptions practiſed npon me; for as deceptions my reaſon ſtill endeavoured to conſider them, though my ſenſes ſtrove no leſs forcibly to convince me that they were realities. Here however there could be no deluſion: the thunder ſtill continued to roll, each clap growing louder and louder than the former. I buried my face again in my hands, for I felt overpowered with a propenſity to ſleep, apparently the effect of the odour which ſtill continued to ſcent the room. So powerful indeed was this effect, that notwithſtanding the continued and increaſed noiſe of the ſtorm, I ſoon fell into a moſt profound

found nap, from which I awoke only to hear the great clock ſtrike ſeven.

It being now broad day, I would gladly have entered upon an inveſtigation of the cauſes of all I had ſeen and heard; but the tarpaulins precluding any light from coming in at the windows, and being ſo high that it was impoſſible for me to remove them, I had no other light to aſſiſt me but what I could procure by opening the door, and that was altogether inſufficient for my purpoſe: I therefore quitted the room, and ruſhed with a boſom tortured by a conflict of paſſions into my own apartment.

I had juſt thrown myſelf upon my bed, and was beginning to take a hated retroſpect of what had paſſed, when I heard a gentle tap at my door. I enquired who was there, and was anſwered by a voice which I knew to be Olivia's, "'Tis I, "Mr. Egerton. I wiſh to ſpeak with "you."

 I opened

I opened the door. "I beg your pardon for this interruption," ſhe ſaid; "but I was anxious to hear the event of "your laſt night's adventure. Did you "ſee or hear any thing extraordinary?"

"Aſſuredly, Madam, I did both ſee and "hear things which have aſtoniſhed and "perplexed me beyond expreſſion."

"Oh, what did you ſee?—my father?"

"No, Madam; my—my—It was a "human form indeed to all appearance, "but its features were thoſe of Sir Francis "Stanhope."—I did but juſt recollect myſelf in time, Orlando, for in my eagerneſs I had almoſt ſaid "*my* father."

"Sir Francis Stanhope!" exclaimed Olivia. "Heavens, I hope he is not "dead!—But are you ſure that it was him "you ſaw?—It has always been ſuppoſed "my father."

"Oh! Miſs Campbell, pardon me; "but I am confident that ſome wicked "deception is here practiſed upon you, "which,

" which, if you will permit me, I am de-" termined to investigate to the very bot-" tom. An unfortunate gust of wind blew " out my candle last night, and disabled " me from making the researches I wished; " but if you will only allow me to watch " there again to night I will be better pre-" pared against such contingencies, and " I trust I shall be able to lay this ghost " without the aid of charms and incan-" tations."

" Ah! no, Mr. Egerton, this must not " be."

" How, Madam! would you wish still " to remain the dupe of villains—for that " some villainy lurks beneath the strange " appearance I saw, I am confident."

" What villainy can there be?"

" That is what I would examine."

" Oh no; I dare not permit it."

" Dare not, Madam?"

" To what good purpose could it tend? " —and should this really be my father, " I would not for worlds do any thing that " might

"might offend him. Befides, it has al- "ways been the fame; the candle has "blown out, and thunderings have been "heard in that room when the air was "perfectly calm, and the elements en- "tirely at reft. Can it then be doubted "that my father wifhes to remain there "unmolefted? and would it not be a grofs "violation of filial duty to repeat thefe "attempts at intruding upon him?"

"Good God, Madam, how much you "aftonifh me!—But believe me, the "figure I faw was Sir Francis Stanhope. "Is not this variation of the form then, a "fufficient proof of the impofture?"

"Alas! no.—I fear it only indicates a "new calamity, and that the worthy Sir "Francis is even now no more."

Orlando, I cannot defcribe the horror I felt at this fuggeftion. Though convinced of the frail foundation on which the idea refted, yet a momentary chill ran through my veins, as if I had actually feen the meffenger of my father's death. Nay, even

even now, ſo much more powerful is feel-ing than reaſon, I cannot help experiencing a painful anxiety to hear of that kindeſt of parents, and to be aſſured under his own hand that I am not gifted with ſecond ſight. Perhaps this feeling is the ſtronger from my having received only one letter from him ſince I left Kilverton, and that on the very day of my arrival at Campbell-Houſe.

Yet, unwilling to give up my point, ſeveral times in the courſe of the day did I urge my tormentreſs to grant me another night's lodging in the *Chamber of Spectres.* But this was not to be obtained, and I was at laſt interdicted from mentioning the ſubject again.

What perplexes me more than any thing in this ſtrange buſineſs is, that nobody ſeems to have heard the ſtorm but myſelf. Not that I have made even Harry the confident of my laſt night's adventure, nor ſhall I ever acknowledge to any one but yourſelf how egregious a dupe I have been

made,

made, unleſs I ſucceed in detecting the fallacy. But when I talked to Harry of a ſtorm between one and two o'clock, he ſaid I muſt have been dreaming of one, for that he was not in bed till near two, and he never ſaw a more clear and beautiful night.

Oh that I had but enquired farther particulars reſpecting the former appearances of this viſion, ſince Olivia alluded to others who had both ſeen that, and heard the thunderings; and could I arrive at ſome communication with them, a clue might be furniſhed for unravelling the myſtery. At leaſt by knowing who theſe perſons are, I ſhould be able to judge of the exact meaſure of credit due to their teſtimony. But interdicted as I am from mentioning the ſubject again, how am I to obtain the information I wiſh?

And now, Orlando, what do you think of the matter?—Is Olivia really weak, and therefore eaſily impoſed upon by artful perſons, who have ſome unknown purpoſe of

their

their own to ſerve by thus ſporting with her credulity ?—or ſhe is a malicious fiend, fertile in deviſing means of tormenting all whom ſhe can entice within her magic circle ? One of theſe ſhe muſt be ; and yet, upon the faith of a gentleman, ſhe is the pleaſanteſt woman in converſation that I ever met with—that is to ſay, when ſhe is only plain Olivia Campbell ; for when ſhe chooſes to be the heroine of romance I cannot ſay much in her commendation.

I thank you for informing me of Jerry's ſummons to Kilverton. I could almoſt ſay let Sir Francis come ; he can hardly ſink me lower in my own eſteem than I am at preſent, and a fair opportunity would then be preſented for making the dreaded diſcloſure. I know not what to think of Harry's ultimate ſucceſs ; I am ſometimes afraid that his princeſs grows weary of him. Heaven only knows what will become at laſt of him, and of

Your very affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XVI.

HARRIOT BELGRAVE *to* OLIVIA CAMPBELL.

Kirby, August 20.

Is it really that, among the various calamities which alternately agonise the human mind, none is so severe as to have an old wound which had occasioned years of smart, and been healed at last with difficulty, again violently torn open?—or is it that we always suppose the present suffering the most acute?—Whichever of these may be the case, certain it is, my dearest Olivia, that my heart seems to have experienced even greater torments during the short interval which has elapsed since my departure from Campbell-House, than in those horrible moments when I first became convinced that the connection to which I had looked forward as the balm to assuage my

ſorrows, and in which I hoped to enjoy no common degree of happineſs, was irrevocably diſſolved.

Indeed, the events which occaſioned our preſent ſeparation were ſuch as to wound a mind, not loſt to all feeling, in the moſt ſenſible part, inaſmuch as no anguiſh can be inflicted equal to that given through the boſom of a beloved friend and benefactor. My own injuries I had felt deeply; they for a while entirely deſtroyed my peace, and impaired my health—but that time was paſt, and the kind counſels of an excellent mother, united with the ſtill kinder treatment of two friends, who more reſembled angels than mortals, had taught me to riſe ſuperior to misfortune; nor could the mere ſight alone of the author of my ſorrows have affected me ſo deeply as to make me endeavour, or even wiſh, to ſhun the interview. But to behold one who had intereſted me ſo tenderly, and whom I had allowed myſelf fondly to hope

might

might one day reform, and return to the paths of virtue, ſo ſunk in degeneracy as almoſt to preclude the poſſibility of reformation, was a ſtroke againſt which my heart was not guarded, and I was obliged to fly the conflict.

Yes, my dear Olivia, friend of my boſom, conſoler of my troubles, notwithſtanding the many inſtances I daily heard of my former lover's profligate conduct, I was ſtill weak enough to hope that at ſome future period he might be reclaimed. I thought that the flame of honour and virtue which had once glowed ſo ardently in his breaſt, could not be entirely extinguiſhed, and truſted that the ſmothering embers would in time blaze forth again with their original vigour. This idea was ſoothing to my fancy, although I could never hope myſelf to profit by the change. Alas! I am now fatally convinced that his heart is too entirely depraved ever to recover its former tone.

But

But enough on this ſubject—Would that I could blot it entirely and everlaſtingly from my memory!

My mother joined us yeſterday. She is in high ſpirits about our law-ſuit, but it will occaſion us a journey to Ireland, and that probably very ſoon. Oh! what painful recollections will re-viſiting that country awaken in my boſom!

Among the letters you have forwarded to me ſince my departure, was one from Charlotte O'Brien at Scarborough. She has become much acquainted with a Mr. St. John, the intimate friend and conſtant correſpondent of one or both of your gueſts, who, ſince he found that ſhe was related to me, has frequently made both you and myſelf the ſubject of his converſation, and been extremely inquiſitive with reſpect to your fortune, character, opinions, and various other particulars. He appears to be acquainted with your perſon, from having ſeen you at Doncaſter races.

As

As ſoon as I learned all this, I wrote to Charlotte, requeſting her to be very careful never to mention, or even in the remoteſt way to allude, to thoſe circumſtances in my life which I have always ſo cautiouſly concealed from the public attention, and which I now feel more anxious than ever to bury in the faithful boſoms alone of the few to whom they have hitherto been confided. I thought, till put to this ſevere trial, that my heart had been ſtronger; but, alas! experience ſhews me but too plainly, that its old impreſſions are very far from being eraſed.

But I will lay down my pen, for I perceive that I cannot write without perpetually reverting to this ſubject. Pardon this weakneſs in

Yours moſt affectionately,

E. H. BELGRAVE.

LETTER XVII.

ORLANDO ST. JOHN *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Scarborough, August 21.

IN compliance with thy request, Mr. Li., yesterday evening, when a large party of us were walking together upon the sands, I contrived to draw Charlotte apart from the rest of the company, and very ingeniously leading the conversation to Campbell-House, I asked, after a few other trifling questions, how long Mrs. and Miss Belgrave had lived with Miss Campbell?

"Several years," she replied.

"Miss Campbell then must have been "very young when they settled there?"

"She was."

"I suppose Mrs. Belgrave first came "into the family as governess to Miss "Campbell?"

"No,

"No, as a friend only."

"I preſume, however, that Mrs. Camp-
"bell was not then alive?"

"Recently dead."

"So that Miſs Campbell was principally
"educated by Mrs. Belgrave?"

"Principally."

"Miſs Campbell and Miſs Belgrave,
"therefore, have been brought up to-
"gether like ſiſters?"

"Excepting the difference of age and
"fortune."

"I thought they had been very nearly
"of an age?"

"Miſs Belgrave is the oldeſt by ſome
"years."

"I ſhould not have ſuppoſed that, as I
"underſtand Miſs Campbell to be five-
"and-twenty?"

"Within a few weeks."

"And Miſs Belgrave does not look
"more."

"She looks young."

"Her father, I think, was a clergyman?"

"Oh

"Oh no."

"You ſurpriſe me! I always underſtood "that ſhe and her mother were reduced to "their preſent ſtate of dependence by the "loſs of income upon Mr. Belgrave's "death?"

"Incomes may be loſt in various ways."

"The ladies are not very nearly related "to Miſs Campbell, I think?"

"They are not at all related."

"But have nevertheleſs been for ſome "years entirely ſupported, firſt by the Ge- "neral, and then by herſelf?"

"Entirely ſo."

"Miſs Belgrave is very beautiful."

"Yes."

"And I am informed very ſenſible and "accompliſhed."

"Yes."

"Mrs. Belgrave muſt be very clever to "have educated both theſe young ladies "ſo well."

"Yes."

" 'Tis very extraordinary that a woman
" ſo beautiful and accompliſhed as Miſs
" Belgrave ſhould ſtill remain ſingle."

" Hum!"

" She muſt doubtleſs have had many ad-
" mirers?"

" Hum!"

" Her cruelty muſt have occaſioned
" many a heart-ach to our ſex."

" Hum!"

Make your beſt of this intereſting intelligence, *mon cher ami*. For my part I could ſupport ſuch a converſation no longer. The little abrupt anſwers at firſt were ſufficiently repulſive, but when they dwindled down to a *yes*, and the *yes* at length to a mere *hum*, 'twas paſt all endurance.

And what could make the bewitching Charlotte thus cautious and reſerved, is far beyond my comprehenſion, for *croyez moi*, this exceſs of phlegm, is extremely foreign to her general diſpoſition, which is perfectly

perfectly frank and open, I might even ſay to a high degree unguarded. Is it not then a natural concluſion, that if ſuch a character be reſerved upon one particular ſubject, it muſt be for ſome very particular reaſon?

I know thou loveſt an ingenious conjecture to thy heart, Lionel. *Eh bien donc*, thou ſhalt have one. What if Harriot ſhould be another of that unfortunate claſs of females who has once in her life made a ſlight *faux pas*, and has likewiſe found a protecting angel under the form of thy benevolent heireſs? *Ma foi*, I think this a very probable caſe, and it ſolves the whole matter at once, for thence aroſe the *hums* when I began upon the ſubject of lovers, marrying, and ſo forth.

And now ſince I have amply ſupplied with ſpeculation, my deficiency in fact, no more at preſent from,

Thy moſt obedient,
Moſt devoted,
ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

LETTER XVIII

Lionel Stanhope *to* Orlando St. John.

Campbell-Houſe, Auguſt 21.

ORLANDO, you threatened us with an approaching ſtorm. One has indeed burſt upon us, but it came not from the quarter you apprehended. Sir Francis is not the Æolus who has raiſed the wind. Indignant though he might be, did he ſuſpect our treachery, no tempeſt of ſo rude a nature could originate from a ſource ſo benevolent. Oh! that I could at this moment fly far hence to ſome obſcure aſylum, where, remote from the obſervation of my fellow-creatures, I might ſeek in penitence and ſecluſion to atone for the infamy of my conduct, and whence, as a firſt proof of my contrition, I would write a full and free confeſſion of my guilt,

to her againſt whom I have ſinned ſo deeply.

But I am ſpell-bound here, and the more ardently I wiſh to eſcape from the magic circle, the more firmly do I find myſelf rivetted to the ſpot. With ſtill greater ardour do I wiſh that Harry were away, ſince each day, each hour, I dread ſeeing him driven to abſolute diſtraction. Yet, if under our preſent circumſtances it would be *difficult* for me to eſcape, for him it is *impoſſible*. His flight would be pleading guilty to a new charge againſt him, of which I truſt he will prove himſelf innocent; but at any rate he muſt ſtay and face it, even at the hazard of his reaſon.

St. John! St. John!—I could almoſt ſwear that this houſe muſt be the abode of evil ſpirits, who aſſume any form at Olivia's command. In no other way can I account for the phantom I ſaw, nor can I conceive that aught but a fiend could utter the circumſtantial falſehoods I have this day heard. Yet hold!—am I ſo certain that

 they

they are falfehoods! —Oh yes!—yes!—they muft be fo!—Harry could not be guilty of deceit when he afferted to me his innocence; he was too much heated to be capable of it. Intemperance is generally fincere; cool recollection and felf-poffeffion are effential to fupporting deceit with confiftency.

This morning while we were at breakfaft, a letter was brought to Olivia, which the fervant faid he was defired by a young woman to deliver into her hands, with a requeft that fhe might fee her when fhe had read it. Olivia read the letter inftantly, and ordered the fervant to fhew the lady into the library, where fhe faid fhe would wait upon her in a few moments.

She then turned to Harry and myfelf: "Gentlemen," fhe faid, "it is not eafy to "exprefs how much I am fhocked and "aftonifhed at the charges here brought "againft you. So deeply fhould I be con-"cerned to find them fubftantiated, that "I never can credit them but upon the "moft

" most irrefragable proof. I shall there-
" fore give you a fair and full opportunity
" for your mutual vindication, by desiring
" that the letter may be publicly read. May
" I trouble you, Mr. Beauchamp;" and she put the paper into his hands. It was as follows:

MADAM,

To be addressed by a perfect stranger upon a subject of so delicate a nature as the present, may appear extraordinary, yet I could not have felt acquitted to my own conscience, had I remained silent at such a moment. Yes, Madam, I feel it no less a duty to you than to myself, to warn you of the frightful precipice on the brink of which you stand, and into which you might otherwise rush unawares.

The gentleman who is now staying at your house under the name of Stanhope, I can safely assure you is not the son of your late father's old and respected friend. He is a libertine of ruined character and broken

 fortune,

fortune, who has aſſumed a name of reſpectability in hopes of obtaining your hand, that he may ſquander away your property in the ſame diſſipated and profligate manner in which he waſted his own. But, Madam, over the hand he offers you, believe me he has not himſelf any right; it is mine by every claim of faith and juſtice, and had not perjury been a trifle in his eyes, ere this the plighted vows we have exchanged, had been ſolemnly ratified at the altar.

I aſk not in a matter of this importance to be believed ſolely on my own aſſertions. Fortunately for me and for the world, to which it is but proper that ſuch a character ſhould be expoſed in its native deformity, I have evidence of a much ſtronger nature to bring againſt him, evidence that muſt overpower even effrontery like his.

I have no doubt that he will deny any knowledge of me. Let him do ſo; it will but compel me to produce the ſtronger

evidence of *my* wrongs, and *his* guilt and folly.

I am, Madam, with all reſpect,
Your obedient humble ſervant,
JANE RIVERS.

St. John, at this moment I could gladly have ſeen the earth open and ſwallow us and our ſhame together. Abaſhed and confounded, I had no power of utterance, but ſat motionleſs as a ſtatue, in mute expectation of what was next to follow. A ſolemn pauſe ſucceeded, when at length Olivia addreſſed Egerton, "What have "you to ſay to this accuſation, Sir?"

He heſitated for a moment, but then adroitly evading the firſt part of the charge, his change of name, adverted at once to the latter, which he could more eaſily anſwer, and ſaid, "Indeed, Madam, I am ſo "aſtoniſhed at the audacity of this im-"poſture, that I ſcarcely know in what "manner to attempt its refutation. I can "only ſwear by all that's ſacred, that till

 "this

"this moment I never heard of ſuch a per-
"ſon as Jane Rivers."

"I muſt then bring her hither," ſaid Olivia, "and we ſhall ſee how far ſhe can "really ſubſtantiate her charge. You will "be ſo obliging as to wait my return, "gentlemen;" and ſhe aroſe and departed.

After an abſence of a few minutes, ſhe returned accompanied by a ſmart looking young woman, whoſe features were in great meaſure concealed by a long muſlin veil, and a profuſion of dark hair hanging about her face and ſhoulders. "Now, Madam," ſaid Olivia, "it will appear whether or not "you know the gentleman whoſe hand you "claim, ſince he denies any knowledge of "you."

"Oh falſe-hearted man," ſhe exclaimed, going immediately up to Egerton and ſeizing one of his hands, "can he dare to "deny a promiſe that he knows I can "ſo fully prove!—Ah traitor! traitor!— "well you know that I ought ere this to "have

"have been your wife!"—Here ſhe quitted her hold as if altogether overpowered, and throwing her hands upon the table concealed her face in them.

Egerton ſtarted up, and ſtamping furiouſly upon the ground, cried, "Falſe, "falſe as hell!—I ſwear then once more "by all that's ſacred—"

Here I interpoſed, and going to him, "Swear not ſo vehemently, Harry," I ſaid. "This ſurely cannot all be falſe." Indeed, St. John, I will own, that from the general tenor of his life for ſome years paſt, I thought there was but too much reaſon to apprehend it true.

"'Tis falſe, by heaven!" he ſaid. "Yes, "though I knew that this were to be the "laſt hour of my life, I would ſwear that "I never till the preſent moment beheld "that vile woman. Heaven and earth, is "ſuch treatment to be borne! This "houſe is the abode of fiends, and I will "not ſtay in it one moment longer!"

...ORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW...

He was then rufhing towards the door, but I ftopped him. "No, Harry," I faid, "you leave it not thus. Whatever may "be the truth of the prefent cafe, you muft "be confcious that on other grounds we "ftand here two guilty wretches, nor "muft depart without acknowledging our "treachery with humility and contrition."

Olivia paid no attention to what was now paffing between us, for fhe had drawn Mifs Rivers afide to one of the windows, where they were engaged in clofe converfation. Beauchamp looked on, but fpake not a word, nor appeared fenfible of my having twice called Egerton by his own name of Harry. As for Egerton himfelf, I faw him fo violently agitated, that I thought it better we fhould retire for a while; fo taking his arm, I drew him gently with me to a feat in the garden.

"Oh Stanhope!" he exclaimed as we fat down, "whither can we go!—what "can we do!—where hide our guilty "heads!—

"heads!—To what a ſituation am I re-
"duced!—how am I fallen, even below
"contempt! become the ſport, the mock-
"ery, of a malicious woman, who affects
"folly herſelf only to draw others into
"the groſſeſt abſurdities!—And I to be-
"come her dupe!—Oh 'tis too much!—
"Teach me, Lionel, how to ſupport my-
"ſelf in a ſituation ſo degrading!—Yet you
"ſeem no leſs agitated than myſelf."

"And with no leſs reaſon! Am not
"I equally fallen and degraded? Nay,
"am I not more ſo, ſince I was the ac-
"curſed origin of this deteſted ſcheme?
"But why waſte our time, and exhauſt our
"fortitude in unavailing complaints! Let
"us rather inſtantly throw ourſelves at
"Olivia's feet, acknowledge our guilt, and
"then become voluntary exiles from the
"world. Yet firſt I would be ſatisfied on
"one point, Harry. Too well I know
"the lightneſs of your conduct towards
"the female ſex; tell me truly, then, has
"not Miſs Rivers been its victim?"

"Can

"Can you suppose it probable, Lionel, " that I who have long purſued my plea- " ſures with a licentiouſneſs ſo unbounded, " ſo unrefined, that I ſought no higher " gratification than what was to be pur- " chaſed at a ſtated price; that I would " employ ſo much circumvention for the " poſſeſſion of one object, and ſhe too not " one of particular attraction? Still leſs " does it appear credible, that I would " give a promiſe of marriage with no view " at all; and ſhe does not even pretend " that it was given for the purpoſe of ſe- " duction."

"This is but evading the queſtion. I " am not inveſtigating probabilities, I ſeek " to aſcertain a fact."

"Hear me, Lionel. Once I could " boaſt of principles more pure, and prac- " tice more conformable to them, than is " uſual among young men in my ſituation. " That one overwhelming calamity led me " to renounce thoſe principles, and aban- " don myſelf to vice and diſſipation, is, alas!

" but

"but too true! My guilty conduct to-
"wards the female sex in particular, I will
"not pretend to disguise or palliate, I
"acknowledge its criminality in the fullest
"extent. Then surely, after a confession
"so explicit, I may expect to be believed
"when I solemnly assure you, that in the
"present instance 'tis Jane Rivers, not
"myself, who is forsworn."

"Harry, I must, and do believe you.
"Yet there is something in the affair
"wholly inexplicable. 'Tis evident she
"knows you, since she singled you out
"from among the three men present."

"She had been instructed for the pur-
"pose by Olivia, whom from my soul I be-
"lieve the contriver of the whole business."

"The truth of that suspicion I have no
"doubt I can learn from Beauchamp.
"When he sees the agony you suffer from
"this affair, his benevolence, I am confi-
"dent, will induce him to tell me all."

"His benevolence!—his!—Curse him!

"pander

" pander as he is to this infernal woman's " malicious machinations."

" I cannot believe that he has any ſhare " in the plot, if plot it be. I have ſeen " proofs of the goodneſs of his heart that " would render any doubts of it unpardon- " able. Nay, I have witneſſed ſuch in- " ſtances of benevolence in Miſs Camp- " bell, as render ſome apparently darker " ſhades in her character altogether in- " comprehenſible."

" I wiſh I were acquainted with them. " But for my part, ſince I entered the doors " of Campbell-Houſe I have ſeen no diſpo- " ſition in either but to ſport with the follies " they themſelves excited. Let us haſten, " then to our confeſſion, and when once I " am out of this deteſted place, may curſes " greater than any I have now experienced, " light upon my head if ever I approach " it again."

Anxious, however, to ſpare him as much as poſſible, I perſuaded him to go for

for a while to his own apartment, and endeavour to compoſe himſelf, while I would prepare the way for the dreadful taſk we had to perform. To this he with ſome difficulty conſented, and I went immediately to enquire for Beauchamp, perſuaded that by opening my heart firſt to him, the moment of diſcloſure to Olivia would be ſoftened. But, to my infinite mortification, I found that Olivia had gone out in the chariot a few minutes before, taking Miſs Rivers with her, and that nobody knew any thing of Mr. Beauchamp.

What was now to be done I knew not. I went to Beauchamp's own houſe, thinking he might be there, but did not find him. He had been with his workmen before breakfaſt, but they had not ſeen him ſince. I returned, and walked about the garden for ſome time, but ſtill as neither he nor Olivia appeared, I was obliged to go and tell Egerton how we were circumſtanced. He was extremely irritated at this delay, and I with difficulty reſtrained him

him from ſetting off directly. He ſwore he would not thus wait Olivia's pleaſure, but would write the hated confeſſion from ſome diſtant part, which would be leſs humiliating than making it in perſon. With much ſoothing, however, and ſuggeſting that Olivia was probably gone to ſeek further information relative to Miſs Rivers, I did at laſt obtain a ſolemn promiſe that he would not quit the houſe before her return.

But of her we ſaw no more that day. Beauchamp did not return till late in the evening, when he made an apology that Miſs Campbell was obliged to be abſent all night, but hoped to be at home by dinner on the morrow. Not a ſyllable tranſpired of the occaſion of her abſence, nor did Beauchamp, during an hour that he and Harry and myſelf ſat together, make the remoteſt alluſion to Miſs Rivers, or her claim.

When Harry retired for the night, I lingered behind, reſolved to break the important matter to Beauchamp, and accordingly

ingly began: "I hope I ſhall not be "deemed intruſive if I requeſt half an "hour's converſation, Mr. Beauchamp, "before we ſeparate. I wiſh to make "you the confident of an affair which op-"preſſes my mind very ſeverely, and which "I ſhall feel leſs reluctance in diſcloſing to "you than to any other perſon."

"Excuſe me, Sir. It is a principle with "me not to be the confident of any man. "I hold the office of cônfident to be one "of the moſt difficult in the world to diſ-"charge conſcientiouſly. Perhaps I might "ſee reaſon to think that your ſecret ought "to be made public, and then I ſhould "certainly conſider my duty to the world "at large, as ſuperſeding that to you as "an individual. Beſides, I have rode a "great many miles to-day, and am ex-"tremely fatigued. I muſt therefore wiſh "you good night;" and ſo ſaying he haſtily and abruptly quitted the room.

Surpriſe and mortification kept me fixed to my ſeat for ſome moments. Alas! thought

thought I, is this an earneſt of what we are to expect from Olivia! At length I ruſhed up ſtairs, and threw myſelf upon the bed, a prey to unutterable torments. From theſe, after a while, I rouſed myſelf, to relieve my ſoul by unburthening all its troubles to you, Orlando. And now I go to ſeek reſt, though little hoping to find it. But ſleeping or waking, I ſhall ſtill be

Unalterably yours,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XIX.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-Houſe, Auguſt 27.

'TIS all over, St. John, the whole ſtory is known, and yet we are not turned out of doors. This morning after breakfaſt, perceiving Beauchamp leave the room, I followed him, reſolved to try whether a night's reſt might not have brought him into better temper. "Will Mr. Beau-"champ," I ſaid, "ſtill refuſe to liſten to "the confeſſion of a penitent? Will he "not now grant me the privilege of a "hearing? I was perhaps too obtruſive "in aſking it laſt night."

"You diſtreſs me, Sir. If you wiſh to "aſk any queſtions upon the ſubject of "Miſs Rivers, ſay on. If, as I ſuſpect, "you wiſh to mention another ſubject, I

"muſt

"must beg to be excufed liftening to you.
" I am not infenfible to your coufin's pre-
" tenfions with regard to Mifs Campbell;
" but if he wifhes me to interfere in his
" favour, that I muft abfolutely refufe."

" Believe me you miftake, Mr. Beau-
" champ. Far other things at prefent oc-
" cupy my bofom. My friend indeed—"

" Not a word of him if you wifh me to
" hear you, unlefs, as I faid before, your
" enquiries have any reference to Mifs
" Rivers. On that fubject, and on that
" alone, can I anfwer your queftions."

" Nor is it my object to afk queftions.
" I only wifh to impart to you a matter of
" deep concern, both to my friend and
" myfelf."

" And I, like yourfelf, am ready to give
" information, not to receive it."

" Oh that you would liften to me!"

" With what view can you feek this con-
" fidence in one, for whofe faith you can
" have no adequate fecurity? Our fhort
" acquaintance precludes the poffibility of

"your having a ſufficient knowledge of "me, to be aſſured that the truſt you re- "poſe would not be miſplaced, and I muſt "ſuſpect therefore, that there are ſecret "motives for this confidence, which would "render my yielding to it embarraſſing to "myſelf."

"A very ſhort acquaintance is ſufficient "to attract my confidence in ſome men; "with others I might have frequent in- "tercourſe for my whole life, yet never "be diſpoſed to make them ſharers in my "heart."

"I will not arraign ſuch feelings, be- "cauſe they are preciſely my own. But "however you may be diſpoſed to num- "ber me among the choſen few to whom "you are thus inſtantly attracted, though "I may feel grateful for the compliment, "I muſt not the leſs decline liſtening to "the communication.

"I do not wiſh to impart a ſecret that "muſt be locked up in your boſom for "ever, nor even for many hours. I only

"wiſh

" wiſh to confide to your generoſity " ſome perplexities in which I am at pre- " ſent involved, and intreat your advice " how beſt to extricate myſelf from " them."

" I ſtill leſs like the office of a counſel- " lor than of a confident. And allow me " to obſerve, that a perſon with a tolerable " ſhare of common-ſenſe is always the beſt " judge of his own concerns. No one " can be ſo well acquainted with all the " minute circumſtances, the thouſand in- " tricacies interwoven with the affair in " queſtion as himſelf—and theſe ſhould all " be thoroughly underſtood before it can " be poſſible to judge impartially upon a " matter of any difficulty."

" I muſt then be ſilent?"

" Or elſe importunate."

" Which I by no means wiſh."

" Therefore let us drop the ſubject. " And on that condition I ſhall be very " happy in your company if you will join " me in a walk."

This

This propoſal I declined, for as I had now no other reſource but to addreſs myſelf immediately to the heireſs, I wiſhed not to be abſent at her return. She did not arrive till very near the dinner hour, and then went up to dreſs, ſo that I had no opportunity of ſeeing her till we were all aſſembled round the dinner table. She then apologiſed very politely for her abſence, but did not give the leaſt hint of what had occaſioned it.

Never have I ſeen her more animated or brilliant in converſation ſince I came into the houſe. I could not help looking at her with aſtoniſhment, for it ſeemed to me wholly unaccountable that any thing ſo plain ſhould be ſo eloquent. This amenity was, however, peculiarly grateful to me, as it inſpired me with confidence for the taſk I had to go through; ſince I could ſcarcely conceive it poſſible, how grievous ſoever the provocation, that ſuch unaffected eaſe and good humour could be changed in a moment to ſourneſs and ſe-

verity. I was confidering how beft to folicit a private audience, but fhe prevented my application by requefting, as fhe rofe to retire after dinner, to fpeak with me in the library.

I followed like a culprit to execution, when defiring me to fit down, fhe began: "Much as Mr. Stanhope appeared agi-" tated yefterday, at the interview with "Mifs Rivers, I wifhed, Mr. Egerton, to "put fome queftions to you before any "thing farther was faid to him upon the "fubject. I intreat you to anfwer me "fincerely, whether you know of any "connection between your coufin and this "young lady?"

"Upon my honour, Madam, I do not. "Indeed, I am myfelf fully convinced that "fhe is an impoftor; and I think the more "minutely the matter is inveftigated, the "more clearly this will appear."

"I own that the circumftances fhe has "related to me are very extraordinary, nor "do I know abfolutely what to think about

"them.

" them. That ſhe has a claim ſomewhere, " however, I can ſcarcely doubt; but " many things ſhe has mentioned in ſup- " port of the truth of her ſtory, I ſhould " have thought more applicable to you, Sir, " than to your couſin."

She pauſed—I thought that here was a fair opening for me to enter upon my confeſſion, as I had no doubt, from what Olivia ſaid, that ſhe thought the woman's claim referred rather to Henry Egerton than to Lionel Stanhope. Summoning together, therefore, all my reſolution, I began, though ſtill with a great mixture of heſitation and confuſion,—" Madam—I— " Madam"—but ſhe prevented my proceeding, by reſuming the converſation again herſelf, and ſaying, " Yet ſhe may, after " all, be right, and have addreſſed her claim " to the proper perſon."

" Pardon me, Madam, but my couſin " has ſo ſolemnly diſavowed to me any " knowledge of this woman, that I muſt " ſuſpect her of being an impoſtor, who has

"only urged this claim in hopes of being "bought to ſilence."

"Well, Sir, be this as it may, I preſume you will concur with me in opinion "that there is only one way of deciding the "matter—to hear both ſides fairly. If "then it ſhall clearly appear that your "couſin has engaged his faith to Miſs "Rivers, I truſt he will not deny her that "juſtice which the caſe requires. Can "you perſuade him to meet her here?"

"'Tis what he earneſtly wiſhes."

"Will you then requeſt his attend-"ance?"

"At what time, Madam?"

"Immediately, if you pleaſe. Miſs "Rivers is now below with her witneſſes; "I will deſire them to come up."

I inſtantly haſtened to Egerton, who returned with me to the library, where we already found the claimant. Olivia addreſſed Harry:—"This is an unpleaſant "affair, Mr. Stanhope; I am ſorry to "trouble you farther about it, but juſtice "muſt

" muſt take its courſe. Will you now " acknowledge your engagement to this " lady ?—or will you compel her to pro- " duce witneſſes of her wrongs, whom per- " haps you may not be much pleaſed to " ſee?"

" She can have no witneſſes that I need " fear, Madam. Conſcious of my own " innocence, I am certain that no reſpec- " table perſon can appear againſt me; and " for a parcel of perjured knaves, their " teſtimony may diſgrace her, but cannot " injure me."

" I would have ſpared your confuſion, " Sir, but ſince you do not chuſe to ſpare " yourſelf, the witneſſes muſt appear. Will " you call the firſt, Madam."

Miſs Rivers went out of the room, and returned in an inſtant, leading in—oh aſ- toniſhment paſt all expreſſion!—Beau- champ himſelf. " Now, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " will you be ſo obliging as to relate what " you once heard paſs between this gen- " tleman and me."

"A ſolemn exchange of vows of un-
"alterable fidelity, with an agreement on
"a day then named, to ratify thoſe vows,
"even at the ſacred altar of heaven."

"How, Sir," exclaimed Egerton, "do
"you dare to aſſert this?—Can a man of
"your character and reſpectability ſtoop
"to ſupport ſo groſs an impoſture?"

"I ſpeak but what I heard, Sir. Would
"to God that every perſon preſent de-
"teſted impoſture as much as I do!"

Struck to the ſoul with this implied reflection upon us, Egerton fixed his eyes wildly on Beauchamp, nor could utter a word in reply. I, though at the firſt moment ſcarcely leſs confounded, yet ſoon recollected myſelf ſufficiently to take up the matter:—"Mr. Beauchamp," I ſaid,
"it ſeems ſo extraordinary to find you,
"whoſe acquaintance even with the per-
"ſon of my couſin is of ſo ſhort a date,
"thus appearing as a witneſs againſt him,
"that I cannot help ſuſpecting ſome un-
"accountable miſapprehenſion—"

"The

" The miſtake is on your ſide, Sir, in " ſuppoſing that becauſe my perſonal ac- " quaintance with your couſin is ſo recent, " I cannot have been ſufficiently ac- " quainted with his actions to be a com- " petent witneſs in this caſe. I affirm " nothing but what is ſtrictly true; and " would readily, if required, take my oath " that I heard vows of unalterable fidelity " exchanged between that gentleman and " lady."

" Death and damnation!" exclaimed Egerton, almoſt frantic, " here is ſome " vile colluſion; and I call upon you, " Miſs Campbell, who make ſuch eager " profeſſions of your impartial juſtice, to " extend it to me, by unfolding the whole " of this myſterious affair, which, I have " no doubt, is in your power."

" Call not on me, Sir," replied Olivia, " as an evidence on your behalf. I muſt " confirm what Mr. Beauchamp has ad- " vanced."

"Oh God of heaven!" cried Egerton, "is then all truth and honeſty baniſhed "from the world? But by the ſacred "name of juſtice itſelf I ſwear, that not all "of you combined ſhall compel me to "yield to this infernal claim. For you, "Madam," he continued, addreſſing Olivia, "I know that I ſtand before you a "guilty wretch, not entitled to your par- "don or compaſſion; but I am not quite "ſo fallen, ſo degraded, as that I will ſub- "mit to be made your ſport, your laugh- "ing-ſtock. I know not whether to leave "your houſe with tears of remorſe or de- "nunciations of vengeance, but leave it "I will at this moment, and for ever. For "you, abandoned wretch," he added, turning to Miſs Rivers, "may all the "dæmons of hell!—yet no!—be the tor- "ment of diſappointed villainy, and hopes "for ever croſſed, your bitter puniſhment, "as it will ſtill be mine!"

He was now ruſhing towards the door, when Olivia interpoſed: "No, Sir," ſhe

faid, "you do not leave us thus. We "have yet another witnefs to produce, "who muft be heard ere you can be fuf-"fered to depart."—She then opened a door, when in walked—oh God! never fhall I forget my fenfations at that moment —Sir Francis Stanhope.

I ftarted, exclaiming with a tone of mingled horror and aftonifhment—"My "father!!!"

"Sir Francis Stanhope!!!" cried Egertone, in a tone of equal confternation.

"Yes, Sir," replied the venerable man, "Sir Francis Stanhope, come to expofe "your treachery and villainy, in bearing "teftimony to your engagement with that "lady."

Egerton threw himfelf at Olivia's feet, and clafping her hands in agony, cried,—"Tell me, tell me, I conjure you, unlefs "you are refolved to drive me to diftrac-"tion, the meaning of all this. Do I "dream?—or am I awake, and is there "really any truth in magic?—for without

" witcheries and forceries I know not how
" this matter can be explained."

" It may be explained much more fim-
" ply," faid Olivia.—" But rife, Sir; this
" groveling attitude becomes neither me
" nor yourfelf.—Mifs Rivers, will you be
" pleafed to unveil?"

Mifs Rivers advanced; fhe pulled off her bonnet, and with it a large bufhy wig, and a pair of thick black eyebrows, while before us ftood confeffed, Jenny, *fille de-chambre* to the lady Olivia. " Now, Sir," " faid the latter, will you perfift in de-" nying your engagement with that lady?"

Egerton looked furprifed, confufed, half angry, half pleafed, and at length ftammered out—" No, Madam—no—it—it " cannot be difowned any longer. She " has an undoubted claim upon my hand."

" Which from this moment," faid Olivia, " I have no doubt fhe will cheerfully " refign. Am I not right, Jenny?"

" Yes, Madam, replied the damfel; " and I hope the gentleman will forgive

" me

"me for reminding him of it."—Then, with a curtefy, ſhe withdrew.

This buſineſs diſpatched, our fiery trial for our real offences was next to come on. But this was a ſubject of a nature ſo ſingular, ſo unprecedented, that ſcarcely did any one of the company know how to enter upon it. We all looked at each other for ſome minutes; all ſeemed to feel that ſomething remained to be ſettled, yet no one knew how to give his feelings utterance. Sir Francis fixed his eyes upon me; I once or twice ſtole a glance at him; I ſaw him endeavouring to be very angry; I thought that I ought to begin with throwing myſelf at Olivia's feet, and that this was what he expected of me—but when it was done I knew not what to ſay.—At length ſeeing me ſtill mute and motionleſs, he approached me, and ſaid, "Young gentleman, by what name would "you pleaſe to be addreſſed?"

"By any that you pleaſe, Sir."

"Rafcal, then—I know of none that "you deferve fo well."

"Nor I neither, upon my foul, Sir."

"Are you not afhamed to look me in "the face?"

"Perfectly fo."

"Oh! Li. Li. that ever it fhould come "to this!—that ever your poor old father "fhould be afhamed of owning you for a "fon!—Have you nothing to fay in your "defence, impoftor?"

"Nothing at all, Sir—except that I "came hither folely in compliance with "your entreaties."

"But I did not entreat you to take the "name of Egerton, Mr. Scape-grace."

"Granted, Sir, that was entirely my "own idea. The guilt of that is exclu-"fively my own."

"And guilt enough on my confcience, "Guilt that even the benevolence of Mifs "Campbell can never pardon."

"Or if fhe could, that I never can for-"give myfelf." I paufed—I thought thefe

theſe anſwers were in a ſtrain of levity ill-ſuited to the occaſion, and though ſuch as I had been too much accuſtomed to make to my father in our petty contentions, yet now but adding tenfold to my offences. Aſſuming therefore a tone of ſerioufneſs and remorſe, I turned to Olivia:

"Do not ſuppoſe, Madam," ſaid I, "that I ſhall add to the guilt I have already "incurred, that of ſeeking by paltry ex-"cuſes to extenuate treachery and baſe-"neſs, of a nature far too black and heinous "to admit of extenuation. That I was "urged to it by ſtrong motives is needleſs to "urge, for who can act without motives?—"but however forcible they might be, a man "with any principles of honour or honeſty "never would have yielded to them, even "in thought, for a ſingle moment. I do "not therefore aſk forgiveneſs. A youth-"ful lapſe from the ſtrict path of virtue "may receive pardon—deliberate baſe-"neſs admits of none. I only aſk per-"miſſion, now that I have acknowledged "my

" my tranſgreſſions, to fly this place, and
" hide myſelf and my ſhame for ever, in
" ſome remote and obſcure corner of the
" world."

" A permiſſion which I ſhall certainly
" refuſe."

" Madam ?"

" By your conduct towards me, Mr.
" Stanhope, you have given me a power
" of controul over you to which I had
" otherwiſe never made pretenſion; and
" ſince the law cannot take cognizance of
" your offence, I ſhall take upon myſelf to
" be your judge, and ſentence you to at
" leaſt a month's impriſonment in Camp-
" bell-Houſe."

" Oh heavens!—what do I hear?"

" You think my ſentence then ſe-
" vere ?"

" I think it one that no heart but your
" own could have been capable of in-
" flicting."

" And one to which you will ſubmit
" with reluctance ?"

" I ac-

" I acknowledge it, Madam. The in-
" jured party is not wounded by the ſight
" of the offender, but how can the of-
" fender ſupport the preſence of thoſe
" whom he has injured ?"

" That muſt depend entirely upon the
" diſpoſitions of the reſpective parties, and
" I truſt that in this caſe you will not find
" your confinement painful, nor your
" gaoler harſh."

" Indeed I fear ſo. But the more mild
" my treatment, the more ſevere will be
" my puniſhment, ſince your lenity will
" but make my conduct appear in much
" darker colours. Oh! then, Madam, I
" conjure you to let me depart!—Keep
" me not conſtantly on the rack, by com-
" pelling me inceſſantly to contemplate my
" own conduct in the moſt degrading and
" mortifying point of view."

" Yet let me intreat your ſtay. We
" have hitherto been all playing at croſs-
" purpoſes; let us not ſeparate the mo-
" ment

"ment we are come to a right underſtand-
"ing."

"How can you ſolicit a deceiver, an
"impoſtor, to remain under your roof?—
"'Tis ſcarcely knowing what is due to
"yourſelf."

"You have not deceived or impoſed
"upon me. You only deceived yourſelf
"in imagining that I could be impoſed
"upon by ſo ſhallow an artifice. Your
"features alone, Mr. Stanhope, had been
"ſufficient to betray you; for could that
"ſtrong reſemblance to a face ſo well
"known, leave me any room to doubt
"whoſe ſon you muſt be. But I reſted
"not my conviction of your intended im-
"poſture merely upon that evidence—
"I had other means of information upon
"the ſubject, in which I could not poſſibly
"be deceived. Believe me I have felt—
"yes, with the deepeſt regret, have felt,
"how much both you and Mr. Egerton
"were degrading yourſelves. Inſtant ex-

" poſure and diſgrace was what I was con-
" ſcious ſuch treachery deſerved, yet I had
" powerful motives for delaying that ex-
" poſure to the preſent moment. Time
" and circumſtances alone muſt determine
" whether thoſe motives ever ſhall be ex-
" plained. Even now I will not pretend
" to perfect diſintereſtedneſs in ſoliciting
" your longer ſtay here. I own that as the
" ſon of a much-reſpected friend, I have
" long wiſhed for your acquaintance, yet
" my own wiſhes alone would not be
" ſufficient to influence me in requeſting a
" moment's prolongation of your ſtay—
" but I have other reaſons for urging it
" which muſt remain concealed. Will
" you not then grant my requeſt?"

Orlando, what anſwer could be made to ſuch ſolicitations, but that I was entirely at her diſpoſal. I bowed aſſent, adding grateful acknowledgments for her kindneſs and lenity. She then addreſſed herſelf to Harry—" And on Mr. Egerton," ſhe ſaid, " I wiſh to inflict a like ſentence. I

" have

"have equal motives for requeſting his "ſtay at Campbell-Houſe, and truſt that "he will rely upon me when I faithfully "promiſe not to require his playing the "knight-errant any longer. Come, gen-"tlemen, let us all ſhake hands in token "of reconciliation. You endeavoured to "impoſe upon me, and I, in return, really "did impoſe upon you—let pardon then "be the word on all ſides."

It was not for the parties who were to receive the greateſt benefit from the propoſed amneſty to offer any oppoſition to it, and accordingly the hands were held out, and we were all ſworn friends in a moment. Sir Francis was the only perſon, however, who could exert any eloquence upon the occaſion, and he made ſo many compliments and fine ſpeeches to the heireſs, that in good truth I thought ſhe had no loſs in being deprived of Harry's gallantries.

The evening paſſed off as well as could be expected, conſidering the extreme awkwardneſs of our reſpective ſituations. Few

women would have conducted themſelves ſo well as Olivia did under circumſtances equally embarraſſing. As for Harry and myſelf, it was impoſſible that we could ſhake off the feelings of diſgrace and humiliation neceſſarily attached to the conſciouſneſs of expoſed treachery. Indeed I feel every moment more and more acutely how ſevere is the puniſhment of being condemned to the ſociety of a perſon we have ſo groſsly injured. Not all Olivia's truly generous endeavours to remove this reſtraint can inſpire with any confidence the heart of

Your ſincerely affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XX.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-House, August 26.

THAT the lamented days of chivalry were over in this houſe, as well as in the world at large, was ſufficiently explained by my laſt letter, Orlando. With them, of courſe, the ghoſt too has vaniſhed—Arthur need no longer fear walking along the gallery, even at the ſolemn hour of midnight, and I might watch in the great room unmoleſted. Campbell-Houſe is become like any other place, excepting that I know of none where time paſſes ſo pleaſantly.

Yet no!—I am ſtill almoſt perſuaded that Olivia deals in magic, ſince by what other means ſhe could obtain any knowledge of the diſaſtrous loves of Harry and Emily I am at a loſs to conjecture; but

but ſo it is!—not that ſhe had heard the ſtory accurately, ſince ſhe was ignorant of Emily's death, and ſuppoſed the match to have gone off from ſome fault of Harry's. All this appeared in a private converſation with her yeſterday, and as I found that ſhe had heard the ſtory told ſo erroneouſly, I thought it but right to ſtate every thing as it really happened, and vindicate poor Harry from any culpability in this inſtance.

But to his ghoſtſhip. On that memorable day when Harry firſt took upon himſelf the order of knighthood, juſt as the tea was concluded, Beauchamp was called out of the room to a gentleman who deſired to ſpeak with him at his own houſe. The incident was in itſelf ſo common and inſignificant, that it was ſcarcely noticed by any of the company, and indeed I could not without difficulty recal it to my remembrance. But it now appears that the gentleman was no other than Sir Francis Stanhope, ſummoned into theſe parts through the officiouſneſs

cioufnefs of honeft mafter Jerry, who peeping into one of my letters, Monfignor Orlando, which you had left upon your table while you were amufing yourfelf with the fafcinating Charlotte, had there fully informed himfelf of the tricks then playing at Campbell-Houfe, a faithful account of which he immediately tranfmitted to his dear old mafter. Curfe your careleffnefs, Mr. St. John!—Could you not have fpared one moment's attention from your enchantrefs to put your letters into a place of fafety?—Yet no; I retract my curfe, for had not Sir Francis been thus made acquainted with my tranfgreffions, I muft now have written him a long explanatory apologetical epiftle, which I am very glad to be fpared.

Beauchamp found the old gentleman in what he himfelf, who is wont to deal in plain and forcible terms, would call a damned paffion, and in the fhort fpace of about five minutes he did moft lamentably tranfgrefs the Chriftan precept of "*fwear*

"*not*

"*not at all,*" for he thundered out almoſt every oath contained in the catalogue of Ernulphus, making over both me and my unfortunate couſin to every dæmon that inhabits the infernal regions, concluding his denunciations with rubbing his hands deſperately hard, and aſking how Miſs Campbell liked Li.?—Beauchamp replying that ſhe did not think him abſolutely the moſt diſagreeable man in the world, he gave another rub and ſaid, "Aye, aye, "the women all like him; and to be ſure "he is a fine, handſome, ſpirited young "fellow, though damn him I'll never own "him for a ſon again."

He was then very anxious to burſt in upon us immediately, and conſign us over to the diſgrace we merited, only he wanted firſt to deviſe ſome new and terrible mode of puniſhment adequate to our offences, ſince even the ſevereſt tortures ever invented by inquiſitorial ingenuity were all too mild for ſuch offenders. But Beauchamp, who knew that his ſo ſudden ap-

pearance would fruſtrate Olivia's ſchemes, prevailed upon him to remain *incog.* for a while, upon promiſe that ſome means ſhould be contrived for him perſonally to torment the two graceleſs truants.

Accordingly, at that ſilent and enchanting hour when Cynthia began to array herſelf in her brighteſt robes, to attend the impaſſioned Henry Egerton to the windows of his miſtreſs, Sir Francis quitted the humble roof of Reginald Beauchamp, and by the poſtern gate entered the ancient and more ſpacious manſion of Olivia Campbell. Here, in a conference with the heireſs, he was informed of the expected ſerenade, at which anxiouſly wiſhing to be preſent, he was permitted to remain in the dreſſing-room till it was proper that Jenny ſhould be left alone to receive the knight, when he retreated into a cloſet, and Olivia with Beauchamp retired into the gallery. Thus did he become a witneſs to Harry's ſolicitations of the fair Miſs

Rivers's hand, and to her promiſe that it ſhould be his on the very next day.

He had juſt quitted Olivia's apartment, when hearing a door open in the gallery, and fearful of being diſcovered, he blew out his candle, and concealed himſelf behind a ſtatue; but as Arthur paſſed him, ſtill apprehenſive of detection, he contrived to blow through the hollow of a truncheon in the ſtatue's hand, which gave the puff ſufficient force to extinguiſh Arthur's light, and leave him in darkneſs to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment and terror. Sir Francis then proceeded boldly on to his own apartment, but as he was obliged to paſs a window into which the moon ſhone very bright; in paſſing it, he clapped to the ſhutters, leſt his form ſhould be too diſtinctly ſeen. The flannel night-gown which he wore aſſiſted to give him a ghoſt-like appearance, and Arthur's fears were ſufficient to ſupply all the reſt.

The ghoſt I encountered was of a very different nature, and proceeded from one

of thofe optical deceptions which have of late been fo much the rage. The large mirror I mentioned in the haunted room had been fixed there fome time before, for the exprefs purpofe of making experiments in this way, and it was owing to a concatenation of circumftances that it was now ufed for playing me a not unfair trick. The firft refufal on the part of the fervants to let Arthur fee the room, originated entirely in a determined diflike to him and wifh to teaze him, and as they found this purpofe effectually anfwered, they carried on the joke, and in confequence of his fuggefting that the General's ghoft walked there, encouraged the idea. This had reached Olivia's ears by means of Jenny, and my inquifitivenefs concerning the room convincing her that I too had heard of its being haunted, fhe gladly availed herfelf of the circumftance to teaze me alfo. Little preparation was requifite to anfwer her purpofe, and that little fhe contrived, unnoticed by me, to give Beauchamp a hint to

make,

make, while Sir Francis was delighted at playing the part of a ghoſt, the better to torment his poor boy. The loud craſh which ſo much aſtoniſhed me, and the thunderings I heard afterwards, were no more than theatrical thunder; for be it known to thee, that the ci-devant chapel was in the old General's time converted into a theatre, where private plays were frequently performed for his amuſement; for he being ſo much of a cripple with the gout that he never could ſtir from home, his affectionate daughter always contrived every means in her power of entertaining him beneath his own roof.

Tarpaulins were fixed over the windows to exclude the moonlight, as it was neceſſary for the ſucceſs of the ſcheme that I ſhould be left in total darkneſs; and at the appointed ſignal, the clock ſtriking one, a ſmall door in the tapeſtry which I did not perceive, was opened juſt ſufficiently to admit the end of an enormous pair of bellows, with which my candle was blown out—through this alſo Sir

Francis entered very gently, and without ſhoes, to play the phantom. At departing he left a gum ſmoking in the room, the effluvium of which operates as a powerful ſoporific, and it was that which occaſioned the odour I mentioned. With this, perhaps you will think ſomewhat tedious, explanation, I take my leave of the ſpiritual world, and proceed to other matters.

A not very pleaſant effect of our general pacification is, that my good papa has recommenced his importunities on his darling ſubject of a matrimonial alliance between the ancient and illuſtrious houſes of Stanhope and Campbell. He took an early opportunity, after the amneſty was ſigned, of ſeeking a private conference with me, when, after abuſing me heartily for the tricks I had been playing, he enquired how I liked Miſs Campbell now I had ſeen her?

"Upon my ſoul, Sir, I think her ex-"tremely plain and extremely pleaſant."

"What?—do you really, Li.?—do "you really think her extremely pleafant? "—do you really like her, Li.?—Well, "well, and I promife you I don't think "fhe has a very bad opinion of you, "though you are fuch a good-for-nothing "fcoundrel."

"Is not that an impeachment either or "Mifs Campbell's tafte, or principles?"

"Hey?—how?—what d'ye mean, Li.? "—Pooh, pooh, I only meant to fay, that "as fhe has been fo good as to forgive "you—why there's no knowing—and per-"haps if you were to try, Li.—Ladies, "you know, have odd taftes fometimes."

"But a lady of Mifs Campbell's ac-"complifhments and elegance of mind "cannot be fuppofed to have an odd 'tafte."

"I don't know that, Li.—I am not fo "fure of that. The moft accomplifhed "people have their peculiarities—and 'tis "but trying—for after all there's no harm

"done, ſuppoſing you ſhould not ſuc-
"ceed."

"I muſt beg your pardon, Sir, but I do "not conſider it as ſo very unimportant a "matter to be refuſed."

"Li. thou art a conceited puppy."

"But what if I have not merely an utter "averſion to this match, but to matrimony "in general?"

"Then thou art a greater puppy, and "fool too, than I thought thee."

"That is my misfortune, Sir. Our "wiſdom or folly is not in our own power, "and if I have not a proper feeling of the "ſweets of a wedded life, my nature "is to be blamed, not I. But let us "drop the ſubject if you pleaſe, ſince we "never ſhall agree upon it."

"And whoſe fault is that?"

"'Tis not for me poſitively to decide "that queſtion, but I ſhould think the fair "thing is to ſhare the fault between us. I "am not covetous, I do not wiſh to keep the

"whole

...JA SERFOGI'S S...

" whole to myſelf, I ſhall be perfectly con-
" tent with half."

Thus we go on with reply and retort, till at the end of a debate of half an hour we leave the matter juſt where it was at the beginning. And thus we are likely to go on, ſince I do not yet find ſo perfect a transformation in myſelf, as that I can like a plain face as well as a pretty one.

Among other reconciliations, let me not omit to mention that between Jerry and myſelf. He was ſtationed at Doncaſter while his old maſter was playing the ghoſt here, but now that his ghoſtſhip is diſpatched to the Red Sea, Mr. Jeremy has reſumed his attendance upon my perſon. I had determined to be very angry with him, but before I recollected my intention, my hand was held out, which he gently preſſed to his lips, and burſting into tears, " that was a " favour," he ſaid, he " never counted to " have received no more," conſidering what he had done. Thus did he ſo effectually diſ-

arm my resentment, that without another word being said upon the subject we became as good friends as usual.

Adieu! Orlando; and believe me

Unalterably yours,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XXI.

OLIVIA CAMPBELL *to* HARRIOT BELGRAVE.

Campbell-Houſe, Auguſt 26.

THE plan I imparted to you, my dear Harriot, on the day I paſſed at Kirby with Miſs Rivers, ſucceeded to my wiſh, and to the detail I then gave you of all that has occurred ſince your departure from Campbell-Houſe, I could now add that of the final expoſure and contrition of the two couſins, had I not matters of a much more important and intereſting nature to impart.

Ever ſince the morning that I obſerved Mr. Egerton's extreme confuſion upon hearing the name of Trelawney, I have anxiouſly wiſhed for an opportunity of queſtioning Mr. Stanhope in private on the ſubject of his couſin's former engage-

ment; but none could I find till yefterday afternoon, when, as I was walking by myfelf in the garden, he came and joined me.

After converfing for a fhort time upon indifferent fubjects, he once more mentioned his own and Mr. Egerton's paft mifconduct, and as he feems to think that fufficient atonement for it can hardly be made, he again affured me, in very eloquent terms, of the deep fhame and remorfe by which they were overpowered, and of the lively emotions of gratitude and admiration excited in their bofoms by my lenity. I entreated him to be filent, and obferved, that heartily as I detefted and defpifed every fpecies of impofture, adverting to this fubject fo frequently, was particularly painful to me; and the rather as the perfons, who had been guilty of mifconduct fo flagrant, were two, whom, from their connections, I ardently wifhed to refpect and efteem. "And I cannot for-"bear flattering myfelf, Mr. Stanhope," I added,

I added, " that they will yet allow me to " efteem them as I wifh, though there are " circumftances in Mr. Egerton's conduct " prior to this affair, which lead me to fear " that he has always been too much in- " clined to duplicity and treachery."

" Good heavens, madam! to what can " you allude? Among all Harry's faults, " I cannot charge him with any deliberate " act of bafenefs, except in the prefent " inftance: and even in this he muft be " confidered rather as an inftrument than " an agent."

" Is it poffible, Mr. Stanhope, that you, " who have always lived with him upon " terms of intimacy, can be ignorant of a " fecret engagement he formed many " years ago with a very amiable girl, whom " he afterwards, without any apparent " reafon, bafely and ungeneroufly de- " ferred?"

" A fecret engagement!—Good God, " Madam, you furely cannot mean to al- " lude to his affair with Mifs Trelawney?"

"Ah! Mr. Stanhope, why mention that "affair, if it were not ſuggeſted by con-"ſcience?"

"But not by a troubled conſcience. "Your alluding to this engagement, Ma-"dam, as a thing clandeſtinely carried on, "ſuggeſted to me indeed the idea that you "muſt refer to Miſs Trelawney; but be-"lieve me, in that affair Harry's conduct "was perfectly blameleſs. Honour and "ardent affection dictated every ſtep he "took in it, nor could any thing but the "unfortunate Emily's untimely death have "prevented its being brought to a happy "concluſion."

"Miſs Trelawney's death, Sir?—Par-"don me! but this is the firſt ſyllable I "ever heard of ſuch an event."

"Is it then poſſible that you can have "heard the affair mentioned, and not know "of its tragical termination?"

"I have always been informed, as I ſaid "before, that Mr. Egerton, after being "for ſome time engaged to Miſs Trelaw-

"ney,

" ney, deſerted her, without aſſigning any
" reaſon for his infidelity."

" How cruelly then has my poor friend
" been ſlandered! No, Madam, believe
" me that in this inſtance he was guiltleſs,
" though unfortunate. I thought the ſtory
" had not been known, except to myſelf
" and another friend of Harry's; but ſince
" you have heard it related in a manner
" ſo mutilated, and with miſrepreſenta-
" tions that reflect ſo much upon poor
" Harry, I ſhould think it great injuſtice
" to him, not to ſet you right."

" Believe me, I ſhall liſten to any vin-
" dication of Mr. Egerton with the ſin-
" cereſt pleaſure. As I have heard the
" ſtory, he certainly appears to have been
" very culpable."

" You probably know, Madam, that
" at the time when he and Miſs Trelaw-
" ney became acquainted at Bath, it was
" his father's intention to marry him to
" his couſin Miſs Atkins, a rich heireſs.
" Harry was conſequently obliged ſo con-
" ceal

" ceal his attachment to Miſs Trelawney, " till ſome opportunity ſhould arrive more " favourable for its diſcloſure."

" All this I know, and for the reſt have " heard that your couſin was ſoon after ſet " at liberty by Miſs Atkins's eloping with " a man of her own choice, but that by " the time this obſtacle was removed, Mr. " Egerton's mind was changed, nor did " he concern himſelf farther about that " Emily, to whom he had ſo often declared " his affections were wholly devoted."

" Oh, not ſo! When Harry quitted " Bath, he left Miſs Trelawney and her " mother about to depart for Ireland upon " buſineſs of importance, which they ex- " pected would detain them for ſeveral " weeks. From that time Harry's mind " was ſolely occupied in deviſing plans " for diſcloſing to his father the attach- " ment in which his ſoul was abſorb- " ed, and for procuring his conſent to " his wiſhes, that his engagement with " Emily might be fulfilled at her re-

" turn.

" turn. Letter after letter did I receive " from him, full of thefe projects, and of " the moft paffionate expreffions with re- " gard to Emily. His foul feemed in- " capable of admitting any other idea, and " at length he earneftly entreated me to " come and pafs fome time with him, as " he thought we could better confult to- " gether upon his various plans by per- " fonal intercourfe than by correfpond- " ence.

" I immediately complied with his re- " queft, and haftened to Arrenton, his " father's feat. When I arrived there, I ' found Harry almoft wild with extafy, " for his father had that very morning " received an account of Mifs Atkins's " elopement. Harry however refolved " to delay the mention of Emily for a " few days, as he thought the firft mo- " ments of chagrin at this difappoint- " ment, not a propitious time for difclof- " ing his wifhes to his father, and this delay " was the caufe of the whole affair being

" ultimately

" ultimately concea'ed for ever from Mr.
" Egerton's knowledge.

" For, alas! the next day brought the
" fatal account of the Cornwall Packet,
" on board of which Emily and her mother
" were paſſengers, being loſt in a very
" heavy gale of wind near the entrance of
" Dublin harbour, when every ſoul on
" board periſhed. It was my lot to im-
" part this dreadful cataſtrophe to Harry,
" and never, no never, can I loſe the recol-
" lection of that moment. No one who
" has not been a witneſs of ſimilar ſcenes
" can have an idea of his agony; I thought
" indeed at the firſt moment that I had
" given him his death's wound. After
" theſe tranſports began ſomewhat to ſub-
" ſide, he entreated, that ſince the affair
" had terminated thus fatally, it might
" remain for ever a ſecret from his father.
" He cannot enter into my feelings," he
ſaid, " and to ſee the apathy with which
" he would conſider a loſs that harrows
" up my ſoul, would be even more hor-
" rible

" rible to me, than the efforts I must " make to controul myself in his presence. " You alone, Lionel, can truly sympathise " with me; be you alone, then, the repo- " sitory of this unhappy secret.

" Having made such a determination, " all his resolution was exerted to appear " tranquil before others, and he did com- " mand himself to a degree that often ex- " cited my utmost astonishment. But " when I alone was present, and he could " give full vent to his feelings, the conflicts " I witnessed were such, that I thought " they must at last inevitably overturn his " reason. Alas, I was but too right! He " was soon seized with a raving phrenzy, " in which he remained lost to the world " and to himself, for more than a year. " Indeed, I may say but too truly, that " he never has been perfectly restored to " either.

" For, Oh! Madam, the Harry Eger- " ton you now behold, is but a miserable

" wreck

"wreck of the cherifhed friend of my "youth, and 'tis only at tranfient intervals "that the bright effulgence of thofe ami- "able qualities which firft united my "heart fo firmly to his, burfts forth from "amid the clouds by which it is obfcured. "Yet deeply as I have been interefted by "his misfortunes, can I be otherwife than "indulgent to his frailties, and though I "feel moft fenfibly the degraded ftate to "which he has reduced himfelf, I never "can relinquifh the pleafing hope, that if "he could but again ardently attach "himfelf to a woman equally amiable "with her he loft, he might yet be re- "claimed, and become the refpectable "character his early years promifed.

"During the period of his phrenzy, "both his father and mother died, and "thus at his emancipation from the ne- "ceffary reftraint in which he had been "kept, he found himfelf fole mafter of a "very affluent fortune. But, alas! fince

"with

" with reaſon returned recollection, he flew " to diſſipation as the moſt effectual means " of baniſhing that bitter enemy to his re- " poſe. Intoxicated by the momentary " relief he found in each new ſcene of " pleaſure, he ſoon became the ſlave of " that licentiouſneſs and extravagance which " have ultimately depraved his mind, and " ruined his fortune. In theſe ſcenes, I " muſt own with confuſion, I have but too " frequently ſhared; yet did I ſuffer my- " ſelf to be enticed into them principally " from a fond hope, that by a temporary " compliance with his inclinations, there " would be a greater probability of re- " claiming him at laſt, than by uniformly " oppoſing them.

" Such, believe me, Madam, is the " truth, the ſtrict truth, with regard to " this unfortunate affair. Judge then your- " ſelf, whether Harry is not rather an " object of pity than of cenſure, or whe- " ther any thing can have been more cruel

" than

" than the conduct of thoſe who have cir-
" culated the ſtory with ſuch groſs miſ-
" repreſentations. Alas! often have I re-
" gretted the fatal reſolution he took never
" to mention it himſelf, ſince I believe
" the efforts he made to controul his feel-
" ings were in great meaſure the cauſe of
" his ſubſequent calamity. But if ever I
" hinted a wiſh to be allowed to mention
" the affair, he uniformly oppoſed it, al-
" ways urging that he could not bear the
" idea of the name of his departed ſaint
" becoming a common topic of diſcuſſion
" for a babbling world. Particular cir-
" cumſtances did indeed lead to my im-
" parting the ſtory to our mutual friend
" Mr. St. John, as they have now led to
" my relating it to you, Madam; but never
" had either Harry, or myſelf, an idea that
" it was known to any perſon beſides. And
" now, may I not truſt, Madam, that my
" friend ſtands wholly exculpated in your
" eyes, in this inſtance, and that even the

" really

"really faulty parts of his conduct appear "not altogether without excuse."

Harriot, I was so affected with what I heard, that I could not make any reply, and we walked on in silence for some time, when farther conversation was precluded by a summons to tea. I felt almost sorry for this interruption, since I wished to ask a thousand additional questions, though perhaps it was as well that they were prevented, as I might thus have betrayed more than I wished. I could have wept with transport at finding Mr. Egerton not the guilty wretch he has been supposed, and still constant to his first attachment. I could have wept with anguish at reflecting, that though acquitted of this great offence, his situation is still such as almost to preclude the possibility of his being received back into that heart from which error, not alienation, has kept him so long a stranger.

I shall say no more at present, as it is my intention to see you in a few days. But information

information ſo intereſting as the above, I could not withhold for a moment. Adieu, my deareſt Harriot, and believe me with great ſincerity,

Your very affectionate

OLIVIA CAMPBELL.

LETTER XXII.

ORLANDO ST. JOHN *to* LIONEL STAN-HOPE.

Scarborough, Auguſt 28.

AND after all, Li., I think your affair has terminated better than could poſſibly be expected, and your not being kicked out of doors may fairly be reckoned among the *negative ſucceſſes* of your ſummer's campaign.

Verily, *mon cher ami*, I can tell thee, that if thy heireſs has through the medium of dæmons, cacodæmons, witches, wizards, or ſpirits, become partially acquainted with poor Emily's ſtory, then muſt Charlotte alſo hold communication with the ſame kind of beings, ſince I am confident that ſhe too is poſſeſſed of the hiſtory of that tragedy. Not that ſhe has owned as much, but from a hint ſhe dropped

ped in converſation the other day, I was led to ſuſpect it. Struck with the idea, I ideot like, don't ſcold, Sir Lionel, entered with more haſte than judgment upon a ſucceſſion of queſtions, by the anſwers to which I hoped my ſuſpicion would be fully confirmed, or abſolutely confuted. But alas, 'tis my hard fate not to be ſucceſsful as a queſtioniſt, for here again was I foiled; ſhe at once perceived my drift, her mouth was inſtantly cloſed, nor could I obtain even a *yes* or a *hum*.

Oh! how did I inwardly rail at my own loquacity, that could not let her go on without interruption, ſince I might then have learned all I wiſhed. But now ſhe is ſhy, and I am ſhy, and we ſeem reciprocally afraid of communicating what I ſuſpect would not make either of us a jot the wiſer. One thing particularly diſtreſſes me; I am apprehenſive that Charlotte may have heard the ſtory with the ſame miſrepreſentations that Olivia had, and if ſo, it were equally proper that the whole matter

ſhould

ſhould likewiſe be explained to her. *Mais cependant,* I do not like to tranſgreſs my injunction of ſecrecy, unleſs upon full conviction that my ſuſpicion is not erroneous, or upon receiving free leave from Harry to impart all that I know.

But though I dare not at preſent confeſs myſelf upon this ſubject to Charlotte, I muſt confeſs myſelf on another to thee, Mr. Li.—upon the ſubject of my two divinities, with whom, upon my ſoul, I am more and more in love every day. Moſt fortunate is it for me that there are two of them, ſince by this means my inclinations are held in ſuch exact equipoiſe, like thoſe of the poor aſs ſo often celebrated, that not knowing in favour of which to decide, I may perhaps at laſt eſcape from both—at leaſt I muſt leave the matter to Providence, ſince he is the general referee when we are unable to determine for ourſelves. *La belle veuve* ſings ſo enchantingly!—ye gods! how ſhe does ſing!—And Char-

lotte writes ſuch enchanting poetry!—ye gods! what poetry ſhe does write!

Take a ſpecimen. The other day an ingenious diſcuſſion happened to ariſe among our party, upon writing from the impulſe of feeling, when Charlotte advanced, that ſhe believed all animated writing to be a mere *eſſor de l'imagination*, as ſhe did not conceive it poſſible for any body to write well, ſhe even doubted whether they could write at all, upon a ſubject by which, at the moment, their feelings were powerfully agitated. The mind, ſhe ſaid, in ſuch circumſtances, was too much engroſſed by that particular ſubject to admit the varied attention neceſſary to form a tolerably correct and poliſhed work.

"Oho," ſaid Madame de Clairville archly; "then I ſee how we are to account "for the preſent ſilence of Charlotte's "muſe. The time has been when ſcarcely "a day paſſed that ſhe did not produce "ſome

...RAJA SERFOGI'S S...

"ſome offering to the Nine, breathing the "moſt impaſſioned ſtrains of love and tender ſentiment, though at the ſame time "ſhe conſtantly affected to ridicule the "little miſchievous deity, and all his votaries. I have ſeveral times wondered "why this ſhould ceaſe all on a ſudden, "ſince I don't believe for the laſt ſix weeks "ſhe has produced ſo many lines, but "now I perceive the inference to be "drawn from her ſilence."

Many jokes flew about in conſequence of the fair widow's diſcovery, and Charlotte was earneſtly preſſed to declare the happy object of this new paſſion. She parried our wit with the moſt enchanting good humour and vivacity, half diſowning her friend's ſuſpicion, and half encouraging us to believe it true. But after a while ſhe took an opportunity of abſenting herſelf from the company, and at her return preſented Madame de Clairville with the following verſes:

THE TRUE STATE OF THE CASE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

'Tis true I long doubted the influence of love,
And have oft, in the frolicks of mirth's gayeſt hour,
When others his ſway have been lab'ring to prove,
Made a jeſt of his arrows, and ſlighted his pow'r.
When I heard of the torments by lovers endur'd,
I laughing enquir'd what ſuch jargon could mean?
I believ'd that ſuch anguiſh was eaſily cur'd;
But alas! then my Albert I never had ſeen.

I could talk with the witty, could laugh with the gay,
With the learned be wiſe, with the thoughtful be grave,
With the penſive could muſe, with the ſportive could play,
Encourag'd them all, but to none was a ſlave.
Unmov'd I beheld each attraction of grace,
Unmov'd view'd the dignified figure and mien;
With indiff'rence regarded each ſoul-inſpir'd face,
But alas! then my Albert I never had ſeen!

I oft was aſſail'd by the glances that dart
Through the languiſhing ſoftneſs of Frederick's eye,

But

But though they play'd round, they ne'er fix'd on
my heart;
I confeſs'd they had pow'r, yet their pow'r could
defy.
Oft too was I charm'd by young Ferdinand's tongue,
As together we walk'd o'er the daiſy-pied green;
I admir'd the ſoft ſounds on each accent that hung,
Yet lov'd not, for Albert I then had not ſeen.

I wrote of the paſſion, unſway'd by its pow'r,
For love was my muſe's moſt favourite theme,
But while in my lays to obey him I ſwore,
My heart ſtill denied that his pow'r was ſupreme.
No gloom then o'erſhadow'd the ſun of my days,
Each morning was tranquil, each ev'ning ſerene;
'Twas in fancy alone I trac'd ſorrow's dark maze,
Till that fatal hour when my Albert was ſeen.

Then the mercileſs god, who had long been incenſ'd
At a mortal's reſiſting his powerful ſhaft,
Double poiſon to each barbed arrow diſpenſ'd,
That Albert's keen eyes to the boſom might waft.
Too ſoon was my heart by that poiſon ſubdued,
Soon did clouds betwixt me and my peace intervene;
Then with thorns the ſmooth path of my life was
o'erſtrew'd,
And I mourn'd that my Albert I ever had ſeen.

For, alas! to the flame in my boſom that burns,
To the poiſon his eyes have inſtill'd in my veins,

 He

He only the coldneſs of friendſhip returns,
  Nor breathes for my ſorrows ſoft ſympathy's ſtrains.
And thoſe who their vows had long paid at my ſhrine,
  And receiv'd with a tranquil indiff'rence had been,
Now behold their keen ſuff'rings avenged by mine,
  And rejoice in the moment when Albert was ſeen.

Nay, by paſſion ſo wholly my heart is engroſs'd,
  That my lyre is forgotten, my pen thrown aſide,
And the ſtrains that ſo long were my pride and my boaſt,
  With the paſſion you fancied had rais'd them, have died.
For ſince I've been fetter'd by love's potent chain,
  What moſt uſed to pleaſe me produces the ſpleen;
And all that I ſeek, is alone to complain
  Of the anguiſh I've felt ſince my Albert was ſeen.

Ceaſe then, dear Eliza; ah! ceaſe to ſuppoſe
  That, while on the tranſports and ſorrows of love,
So many ſoft ſtanzas my head could compoſe,
  My heart e'er thoſe tranſports and ſorrows could prove!
Ah no!—when twas fancy alone felt the dart
  I could ſing of the paſſion unmov'd and ſerene;
But now ſince my boſom's oppreſs'd with the ſmart,
  In ſilence I mourn that e'er Albert was ſeen.

Good

Good heavens! thought I, what if I ſhould be the happy Albert?—and ſurely this may not be impoſſible, ſince it appears that the paſſion is of a recent date. Peters too ſeemed by his looks to indulge in an equal degree of ſelf-flattery; while Captain Tichfield, not behind either of us in vanity, heaving a pretty languiſhing ſigh, and ſurveying his elegant figure in an oppoſite looking-glaſs, plainly ſhewed that he had no doubt who was the favoured though cruel lover. But I fear we are all equally miſtaken, for when Madame de Clairville was rallying Charlotte upon the ſubject, and complimenting her own diſcernment, the fair poeteſs in a moment ſuppreſſed all our riſing hopes, by obſerving that the poem was in itſelf a contradiction, ſince ſhe had been abſolutely writing on a ſubject on which ſhe declared ſhe could not have written had ſhe really felt all that ſhe profeſſed. I muſt therefore only conſole myſelf with the hope, that though this divine creature does not particularly favour

 any

any lover at present, ſhe will not long remain inſenſible to the merits of her new adorer.

A profuſion of compliments and fine ſpeeches were however beſtowed upon the verſes by all preſent, excepting Miſs Perkins, who ſat drawing up her head and ſcrewing up her mouth, and evidently liſtening to what paſſed with no ſlight degree of impatience. She however ſaid nothing, till one of the company requeſted to hear the verſes again, but that was too much to bear; colouring as red as ſcarlet, ſhe ſaid, if they were to be read a ſecond time ſhe muſt beg to be excuſed hearing them, as ſhe for her part was ſo old-faſhioned in her notions, that ſhe thought it extremely inconſiſtent with the proper reſerve of the female character, even in fiction, to profeſs a paſſion for a man, and ſhe believed few people beſides Miſs O'Brien would have thought of writing any thing ſo indelicate.

This was prudery with a vengeance—or rather, to call things by their proper names, envy with a vengeance. But though heartily despised by us all, it was impossible in politeness not to yield to it so far as to drop the subject. And with the subject shall drop the pen of

Your faithfully affectionate

ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

LETTER XXIII.

Lionel Stanhope *to* Orlando St. John.

Campbell-Houfe, Auguft 30.

And you really think, Orlando, that we had but been treated according to our deferts if we had both been kicked out of doors?—But this is not ftrange—perfons of the fame defcription are wont to hold the fame fentiments; and yours correfpond exactly with thofe of an *old maid* at Doncafter, to whom I beg leave to have the honour of introducing you.

Yefterday, as Beauchamp and I, who are become very dear friends, were out upon a ramble, the converfation infenfibly led to his mentioning Olivia's lenity to us in ftrong terms of admiration, though he faid he muft apologife for alluding to the fubject in my prefence.

"Indeed,

" Indeed, Mr. Beauchamp," I replied, " ſuch an apology was unneceſſary. Be- " lieve me 'tis a ſubject on which, how- " ever it may recal to my mind a painful re- " membrance of my own criminality, I can " never ſufficiently dwell. The aſtoniſh- " ment and admiration with which Miſs " Campbell's conduct has inſpired me, is paſt " expreſſion. That knowing our impoſture, " as I underſtand ſhe did, even from its " commencement, ſhe could yet permit " us to remain in the houſe, is an inſtance " of unparalleled forbearance and ſelf-com- " mand."

" She had ſufficient reaſons for acting as " ſhe did—yet 'tis almoſt needleſs to ſay " that, ſince ſhe never acts but upon rea- " ſons the moſt ſolid and ſubſtantial. She " was not, however, inſenſible to the un- " worthineſs of your conduct—and while " in her heart ſhe properly reprehended it, " ſhe had powerful motives for not im- " mediately expoſing you."

"And permit me to aſk, Mr. Beau-"champ, whether you alſo were acquainted "with the important ſecret?"

"I was, but was ſtrictly enjoined ſilence "upon the ſubject; only Miſs Campbell "gave me full permiſſion to embrace any "opportunity that might be preſented for "terrifying and tormenting you with the "apprehenſion that you were, or might "be, detected. Of this licence I availed "mſelf in making you accompany me to "Doctor Paul's upon Owen's affair. I "knew that your evidence was in fact nu-"gatory, but was determined to alarm you "with the idea of being ſworn. And to "torment you ſtill farther, when the Doc-"tor called you Stanhope by a real miſ-"take, I took the hint, and called you ſo "likewiſe by a pretended one. I ſaw your "confuſion, and enjoyed it highly."

"Oh you do not know what I ſuffered "at that moment, or what a relief it was "to the agonies of my ſoul when you ſaid "that

"that you thought my evidence unim-"portant."

"I observed that too. It was as fine "a theatrical change of countenance as "ever was beheld, and would have been "invaluable upon the ſtage. But the ad-"miration I feel at Miſs Campbell's be-"haviour to you is by no means a general "ſentiment. Some of her neighbours con-"demn, as warmly as I applaud it."

"Has then our ſhame become a topic "of public diſcuſſion in the neighbour-"hood? But I feared it would be ſo."

"Your fears might have been cer-"tainties."

"Good God!—and what is ſaid about "us?"

"You are not ſpared. It was with the "view of amuſing you with a dialogue "between our amiable friend and one of "her outrageouſly virtuous female ac-"quaintance, in which Miſs Campbell's "conduct was very ſeverely reprobated, "that I introduced this converſation."

"Mrs.

"Mrs. Harrifon, I fuppofe?"

"No.—Wonderful to relate, I do not "believe Mrs. Harrifon has delivered an "opinion upon the fubject, or, what is ftill "more extraordinary, recommended a *bet-* "*ter* mode of proceeding in it. The lectur- "ing lady was a friend of her's, a Mrs. "Stapleton of Doncafter, of the honourable "fifterhood of old-maids. She called here "yefterday, evidently to collect particulars "of your exploit, that fhe might retail "them in the evening at the card-table; "for you know by coming thus to the "fountain head for intelligence, her au- "thority muft of courfe be of greater "weight than that of her neighbours. "After vainly endeavouring to entice Mi "Campbell into a voluntary relation of th "ftory, fhe was at length compelled "enter upon the fubject herfelf."

"So, Mifs Campbell," fhe began, "I "hear you have had a fine kettle of fifh "in your houfe, with a couple of flafhy "London bucks coming to make love to

"you

" you under feigned names. I think you " ferved them very rightly in kicking them " both out of doors."

" I kick them out of doors, Madam ?— " I am forry to hear that I am fufpected " of having done any thing fo unbecoming " my fex and fituation."

" Lord, I declare there's no fuch " thing as talking to ladies who are fo " precife about their expreffions as your- " felf. I did not fuppofe that, literally " fpeaking, you yourfelf kicked them out " of doors, but only that you difmiffed " them your houfe with a flea in their ears."

" That would have been almoft as fe- " minine as kicking them. But indeed, " Madam, you have been mifinformed. " The gentlemen to whom I fuppofe you " allude, are with me ftill, and I hope will " continue here fome time longer."

" Well, fo I heard, but I would not " believe it. No, faid I, though Mifs " Campbell has done many things very " improper in a young woman who has

" any

"any regard for her character, yet I'm
"ſure that not even ſhe could countenance
"ſuch a couple of cheats. No, no, I'm
"ſure ſhe turned 'em out of doors the
"moment they were detected."

"Another time I hope you will form a
"more juſt opinion of me, Madam, ſince
"you ſee that I have not ſo groſsly violated
"the laws of hoſpitality and humanity."

"Hoſpitality and humanity indeed, to
"a couple of cheats!—Well, I ſhould
"have thought of that!—Humanity to
"cheats!—This is the firſt time I ever
"heard of humanity to cheats!—But if this
"be your way of going on, Miſs Campbell,
"I muſt give you up entirely, I cannot
"pretend to defend you any longer."

"Indeed, Madam, I am not aware that
"in this inſtance my conduct wants de-
"fence. It ſurely defends itſelf."

"Defends itſelf!—Humph!—curious,
"indeed!—Why, I don't believe that
"there's half a dozen women in the king-
"would have acted in ſuch a manner."

"Possibly, Madam. But I always re-
"gulate my conduct by what I think is
"right to be done, not by considering
"what others would be likely to do."

"Well, Miss Campbell, I've taken a
"great deal of pains to correct your mis-
"taken notions upon many subjects, be-
"cause I had a great regard for your poor
"aunt Lætitia, who has so often lamented
"to me the strange manner in which you
"were educated by your father. But I
"may as well have done, for any good
"that I can see my kindness produces."

"I am always very ready to confess my
"great obligations both to yourself, Ma-
"dam, and to my aunt Lætitia. She cer-
"tainly did take some pains to make me
"as censorious as herself, but I was a
"very incorrigible scholar. And really,
"Madam, I am sorry you should con-
"cern yourself farther with me, or my
"affairs, since you probably will never
"find them other than an endless source
"of uneasiness to your mind."

" And I can aſſure you Madam, but for " your good aunt's ſake I ſhould not " concern myſelf about them; but I " know not abſolutely how to give up a " niece of hers, eſpecially as I have de- " fended you ſo long. Many's the battle " I have fought for you about that baggage " you have ſet up here as a ſchool-miſ- " treſs, and that beggarly Enſign that's " ſo often coming after you. I have been " forced to tell a thouſand lies in your be- " half, and proteſt that you did not know " what ſort of a woman Lucy Morgan " was when ſhe came into the pariſh, and " before you found it out, ſhe had gained " a ſettlement, and could not be ſent away " again, elſe you would have got rid of " her directly."

" Indeed, Madam, you have done me " great injuſtice in thus miſrepreſenting " the caſe. It was becauſe I knew of " Lucy's misfortune, and of the perſecu- " tions ſhe had undergone in conſequence " of it in her own country, that I ſent for

" her

"her hither, and took her under my pro-"tection."

"But it was as well for your own credit, "that the world ſhould not know the na-"ture of her *misfortune*, as you are pleaſed "to call it."

"As I am not aſhamed of having "reſcued a penitent from too ſevere con-"tumely, and reſtored a valuable member "to ſociety, I would by no means wiſh for "my own ſake that the nature of her miſ-"fortune ſhould be concealed. Delicacy "to her alone, would prompt ſuch a wiſh."

"Then there's that Ryder. Every body "ſays you are going to be married to him, "yet you ſhew no indignation at the re-"port, and encourage him ſtill to come "to your houſe. 'Tis in vain there-"fore for me to ſay that I think I know "Miſs Campbell too well, to fear her "degrading herſelf ſo far as to marry a "little ſhop-keeper's ſon; while he's ſtill "ſuffered to come after you in this way, "how can people diſbelieve the report."

"And

"And if they find any gratification in "believing it, I ſhould be very ſorry to "deprive them of ſuch a ſource of plea- "ſure. As Mr. Ryder is a man of the "higheſt worth and talents, I ſhould cer- "tainly not think an alliance with him "degrading to me, therefore the idea really "does not excite indignation in me, and "the reports to which you allude, believe "me, will not in the ſmalleſt degree either "accelerate or prevent the match."

"But let me tell you, Miſs Campbell, "that whatever you may think about being "degraded by the match, if you do ſtoop "to ſuch a fellow as Ryder, you wo'n't be "quite ſo much reſpected in the world as "you are now, or find people very ready "to keep up an acquaintance with you."

"I care very little, Madam, whether "they do or not. But truſt me, while I "can afford to give them good dinners, "though they may allow their tongues "unbounded licence behind my back,

"they

" they will not abſent themſelves from my
" table."

" Do you mean to inſinuate, Madam,
" that this is my practice? But I deſpiſe
" your reflections."

" As much as I deſpiſe the meanneſs to
" which I alluded. And if I ſhould marry
" Mr. Ryder, I do not deſire the com-
" pany of thoſe who think they would de-
" grade themſelves by viſiting the wife of
" a little ſhop-keeper's ſon."

" Well, Miſs Campbell, if you will be
" ſo headſtrong, you muſt follow your own
" way, and take the conſequence." And here ſhe roſe up and departed, not with much complacence on her countenance, or appearance of ſatisfaction in her mind.

This dialogue, related by Beauchamp ſolely for the purpoſe, as he ſaid, of amuſing me, yet awakened other emotions in my boſom. Till now I had paid little regard to a hint mentioned in one of your letters as thrown out by Charlotte, that ſhe was of opinion if ever Olivia ſhould marry, " *a half-pay*

" *Ensign of the name of Ryder would be the* " *Jason to carry away the golden fleece.*" 'Tis true I had occasionally heard the name of Ryder quoted both by Olivia and Beauchamp, but never with that kind of interest or distinction that led me to notice it particularly. Enough had however now been said to excite my curiosity upon this subject in no small degree, and I therefore asked several questions relative to the truth or falsehood of the reports alluded to by Mrs. Stapleton, which ultimately led to the disclosure of the Ensign's history—a history I think, Orlando, well worthy of a place in our correspondence. Had I known it sooner, I should have heard with concern that Harry had so formidable a rival to oppose; but since his pursuit is relinquished, I learn with satisfaction that there is another person in the world to whom I may look up as the probable means by which I may at last be released from parental importunities.

Richard Ryder is the only child of Anthony Ryder, who some years since kept a

country ſhop, and was pariſh-clerk in the village of Blakeney near Sheffield, the ſeat of a Mr. Barry, who alſo had an only ſon about the ſame age with little Ryder. Nor was this the only circumſtance in which a ſimilarity of fates attended theſe two boys; when they were not above four years old, they were both deprived of their mothers, who fell victims to the ſmall-pox, which at that time made great ravages in the pariſh.

Now ſince in infancy we are apt to overlook thoſe diſtinctions of rank on which we afterwards place ſo high a value, ſo at George Barry's tender age he could ſee no reaſon why Dick, the clerk's ſon, ſhould not be a proper companion for him, though heir to the Squire. In ſhort, George having accidentally ſeen Dick as he was upon a viſit with his father to the gardener, was ſo delighted at having found a play-fellow of his own age, that he never ceaſed importuning Mr. Barry, till leave was given for his new favourite to be invited to the Hall. Perhaps the Squire was the more eaſily

easily prevailed upon to comply with this request, from his heart being then softened by affliction for the death of a wife whom he tenderly loved, and from feeling glad of any thing that could compensate in the smallest degree to his infant child the loss of an affectionate mother's fond attentions.

But though Georgy was not so deeply impressed with a sense of the inequality of condition, as to think the clerk's son altogether beneath his notice, he yet had sufficient ideas of his own superiority to expect the latter's patient acquiescence in any impositions in which he chose to indulge himself at play, such as reckoning four at Trap-ball, when he had no claim to more than three, and the like petty encroachments. These however accorded so ill with a certain loftiness of mind which seemed almost inherent in Dick, that he warmly remonstrated against them, and would even sometimes carry the matter so far as to declare that he would not come to the hall any more, unless Master Barry

would promiſe to play fairly. This ſpirited conduct generally kept the young ſquire in good order, though he did occaſionally reſent it; yet as Dick always adhered ſteadily to his purpoſe, George at length ſubmitted rather than loſe his companion, and he was conſoled by the ſervants perſuading him that Dick was a child, and knew no better.

As the two boys advanced in years, however, theſe petty contentions became leſs frequent, and at length were heard of no more. The decided ſuperiority of Ryder's talents gave him an aſcendancy over young Barry, which the latter inſenſibly ceaſed attempting to reſiſt—nay, he even gradually acquired ſuch a habit of reſpect for this ſuperiority, that he ſoon began to make Ryder his principal guide and counſellor, till in time no affair of moment was determined without his advice; a confidence which the latter never abuſed, and of which, by ſuch moderation, he proved himſelf fully deſerving. At the age of

twelve years a friendſhip was thus eſtabliſhed between them, which has been proof againſt the ſtrongeſt efforts made at various times to alienate them from each other, and which remains unſhaken even to this moment.

Mr. Barry ſaw this encreaſing attachment not without ſerious uneaſineſs, and often endeavoured to impreſs his ſon with the idea, that though Dick's inferiority in rank might be overlooked while they were both infants, yet at a more advanced age the diſtance between them would form an inſurmountable obſtacle to their keeping up any intercourſe. This was, however, urged in vain—George's heart was affectionate, though his mind was not ſtrong; his attachment to Ryder was irrevocably fixed, and if any oppoſition was ever made to the latter's viſiting him, he made his eſcape from the Hall, and became himſelf a viſitor at his friend's more humble abode.

Convinced

Convinced at length that to ſeparate the boys was impoſſible, Mr. Barry began to entertain different views. So much as he had ſeen of Ryder, he could not be inſenſible to the powers of his mind, and to theſe he turned his attention, as the beſt means of extricating himſelf with tolerable credit from the embarraſſing ſituation in which he was placed. He rightly judged that talents ſo eminent, if properly improved by education, would one day raiſe their owner to ſuch diſtinction in the paths of ſcience and literature, as would in great meaſure ſupply the defect of birth, and render him a not altogether unworthy aſſociate of the more affluent George Barry; and he therefore reſolved to beſtow upon Ryder thoſe advantages of education which his own father's confined means never could have procured. In this reſolution he was the more fully confirmed, from Anthony Ryder's dying ſhortly after, which threw Dick upon the world an unprotected orphan, when any favour ſhewn him conſequently

 became

became the greater act of charity—added to which, his parents being now no more, the obscurity of his origin would thus be the more easily glossed over. Richard was therefore immediately placed by his self-elected protector and benefactor, at a very good school, from which, at the age of eighteen, he was removed to the university of Cambridge; and as his patron could best provide for him in the church, he was destined in future to deal out food to the souls of those, to whose corporeal wants his father had long administered, or, in other words, to be rector of the parish in which the good Anthony had for so many years sold his ounces of tea and pennyworths of cheese.

But even from the commencement of his academical career, it seemed *ecrit là haut*, that Ryder should not become a parson. Not that he was idle, or inattentive to his studies; he was rather over studious, and from this disposition soon grew so unpopular among his fellow-collegians, that

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he was univerſally diſtinguiſhed by, the moſt odious of all appellations, according to their ideas,—that of a SAP. To his patron, however, the rapidity of his progreſs in his academical exerciſes recommended him very ſtrongly. Mr. Barry repeatedly wrote to him, commending in the warmeſt terms his induſtry and application, and aſſuring him, that upon their continuance would depend the continuance of his patronage,—indeed that his future liberality would be proportioned to the honour he ſhould obtain at taking his Bachelor of Arts degree. A more unfortunate criterion for poor Richard could not, alas! have been fixed upon, for ere the time of taking his degree arrived, he had been guilty of offences to his ſuperiors, by which he became no leſs obnoxious to them, than by his ſtudious turn he was to thoſe of his own ſtanding.

It was his fortune to be placed at college under a tutor who entertained ſo high an opinion of his own learning and import-

ance, that it was impoſſible for the pupils to hold them in equal conſideration; and ſince mankind are prone to heſitate in believing the exiſtence of qualities which their limited faculties cannot comprehend, ſo becauſe Mr. Bounce's learning was far too deep to permit of its being fathomed by the pupils, they had even the audacity to doubt whether he had any learning at all.

As he was one day holding forth, very eloquently, in a lecture upon morals, after laying down many ſtriking axioms, enforced by an equal number of appropriate illuſtrations, he at length put the following queſtion to his audience:—"*Suppoſe I were* "*all alone upon an uninhabited iſland, and* "*were to meet a baker with a baſket of* "*bread upon his ſhoulder, ſhould I be juſ-* "*tified in taking a loaf from him?*"

Now ſince Ryder had not always fully comprehended the tutor's lectures as they were delivered, he had recently come to a reſolution conſtantly to take down minutes of them in ſhort hand, in hopes that when he could

could conſider and reconſider them in his cloſet, the miſt that obſcured his mind would diſperſe, and that they would appear as clear and comprehenſible to him, as he had no doubt they were to others— and this reſolution he had that day, for the firſt time, begun to put in practice. Eagerly employed therefore on his notes, he had not hitherto looked at the lecturer; but when the above profound queſtion was propoſed, he ſtarted from his attention to his own paper, and involuntarily turning his eyes, in which a ſmile of ſarcaſm was but too viſibly depicted, towards Mr. Bounce, he unfortunately met his directly, as they were making a circuit round the room, to look for the admiration he thought due to a propoſition of ſuch profundity. To behold the ſmile of ſarcaſm in a countenance in which he expected to meet the uplifted eye of admiration, was a trial far beyond Mr. Bounce's fortitude to ſupport, and with eyes flaſhing fire he exclaimed— "*And pray what may excite your mirth,*

"*Mr. Ryder?*"—To this the other unhesitatingly replied, "*I was only thinking,* "*Sir, how the baker could get custom there.*"

An obvious speculation this, no doubt; yet it somehow or other so happened, that it did not find favour with Mr. Bounce. He started up, and in a very irascible tone exclaimed, "Do you mean to insult me, "Sir?—but I won't bear it, Sir.—You "are always treating me in this insolent "manner, Sir, and endeavouring to render "me contemptible in the eyes of the other "pupils, Sir!—And what business have "you to be scribbling there, Sir? I sup- "pose 'tis for the purpose of turning what "I have been saying into ridicule, Sir, "when you get among your young com- "panions.—But I won't be treated thus, "Sir!—I'll teach you to know who I am, "Sir!"—So saying, he snatched away Ryder's hapless notes, and throwing the paper on the fire, declared that he would instantly go and complain to the master of his behaviour, for if such insolence were to

pass

paſs unnoticed, there was an end of all authority over the pupils.

The conſigning Ryder's paper to the fire was contemplated with deep regret by all the ſcholars, who doubted not that it contained much excellenl matter for future mirth. One of them, by name Croftes more particularly concerned at the idea of loſing it, as he had long owed the tutor a grudge, had watched it with eſpecial anxiety, from the moment it paſſed from the hands of Ryder into thoſe of his antagoniſt, and ſaw, with ſome degree of conſolation, that the latter, in the irritation of his boſom, had not been careful to thruſt it directly into the flames, but that it had lighted upon ſome freſh coals, which protected it from being immediately conſumed. It became inſtantly the great object of his wiſhes, and the conſiderable one of his hopes, that a favourable moment might yet occur to reſcue it finally from the jaws of deſtruction; and ſeeing Mr. Bounce turn his back to go out of the

room he caught at it eagerly, and was juſt bearing it off in triumph, when, oh curſed fortune !—the tutor unluckily turned round again, for the purpoſe of diſmiſſing the pupils, which, in his eagerneſs to lay his complaint before the maſter, he had not at firſt recollected was neceſſary ; and the firſt object that met his eyes was Croftes, in the very act of delinquency.

A rage, if poſſible more vehement than what he had felt at meeting Ryder's ſarcaſtic ſmile, now glowed in his breaſt and flaſhed from his eyes ; and darting upon Croftes, he ſnatched away the paper, which he thruſt immediately into the very fierceſt of the flames, where he beheld it, with a look of exultation, inſtantly conſumed ;—then bidding the pupils begone that inſtant, and denouncing the bittereſt vengeance againſt both the culprits, he proceeded to the maſter, where he painted, in the warmeſt terms his indignation could inſpire, the indignities he had received—declared that never tutor was ſo treated by perſons *in*

statu pupillarii, and demanded that the most exemplary punishment should be inflicted upon both. The master owned that the young men were very much to blame, and ought to be reprimanded, and said that a meeting of the Fellows should be held in the evening for that purpose—a promise which somewhat appeased the tutor, who returned to his room to prepare his charges in form against the appointed hour.

The Fellows accordingly met; the charges were laid before them, and were discussed with due gravity and solemnity, when sentence was unanimously passed that Ryder, as the principal offender, should get a thousand lines of Homer by heart, and Croftes, as the subordinate one, five hundred—both the tasks to be repeated to the tutor on that day fortnight, upon pain of incurring a year's rustication. Ryder said not a word; he perhaps thought the sentence somewhat severe, but as no ap-

peal could be made againſt it, that it was the wiſeſt plan to acquieſce in it quietly.

But Croftes was not quite ſo acquieſcent. He warmly remonſtrated againſt a puniſhment which he ſaid was extremely diſproportioned to the offence, and finally declared that he never would ſubmit to ſuch flagrant injuſtice. "As you pleaſe, "Sir," ſaid the tutor haughtily; "only "remember the penalty, Sir, the year of "ruſtication."

But the Maſter, who knew that the incurring this penalty muſt be a very eſſential injury to the young man, as it was a great object with him to obtain a fellowſhip, to which an almoſt inſuperable obſtacle would thus be raiſed up, detained him after the meeting was diſſolved, and mildly expoſtulated with him upon the folly of his conduct, repreſenting in forcible terms the ſerious conſequences that muſt inevitably attend his not ſubmitting to the puniſhment, and exhorted him to weigh them

them well, and to relax in his contumacy. But his expoſtulations were vain; Croftes ſtill adhered to his reſolution, to reſiſt oppreſſion, as he ſaid, in every ſhape, and declared that he would ſooner even be expelled the college, than comply with the ſentence.

The Maſter finding the young man thus deaf to remonſtrance, and really feeling intereſted in preventing, if poſſible, his being ſo much his own enemy, wrote to his father, fully ſtating the caſe, and ſtrongly recommending to him to uſe his influence with his ſon to induce him to ſubmit, ſhewing him plainly what an obſtacle the ruſtication, if incurred, muſt be to his future views.

The father was a man of low extraction, having been originally only footman in a nobleman's family, from which poſt he was afterwards advanced to that of gentleman, and at length, upon his Lord's coming into power, was made a clerk in one of the public offices. From that moment his

his great ambition was to educate his ſon as a ſcholar, and by a prudent management of his affairs, he contrived to ſpare the money requiſite for giving him an Univerſity education. Totally illiterate himſelf, every ſtep his ſon advanced in the acquiſition of knowledge, excited in him the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, and though the young man's attainments never roſe above mediocrity, he was conſidered by his father as a perfect prodigy of ſcience and literature. The idea therefore of his being puniſhed only filled him with exceſs of indignation, and inſtead of regarding the Maſter's conduct as the effect of kindneſs and lenity, he rather conſidered it as encreaſing the indignity, and accordingly ſat down immediately and wrote him the following curious anſwer:

D—— Street, 24th March.

Revnd. Sir,

I have recd. your letter; my ſon acknoledges himſelf guilty of the folly imputed

puted to him; he is a judge of the propiety of the puniſhment, and I ſhall leave it to him to act as his diſcretion ſhall lead him. Late experence tells me juſtice dos not always govern the deciſions in ——— College.

I ſee with pleaſure that you teſtifye under your owne hand, that this is the firſt fault he has commetted.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient
Huble ſervant,
WILLIAM CROFTES.

The woman that was brought before our Savour (for adultry) ſaid, goe thy way and do ſo more. He that is without fault thro the firſt ſtone.

The young man's diſcretion, however, did at length get the better of his obſtinacy, and at the appointed time the five hundred lines were repeated. Here therefore let us diſmiſs him, and return to Ryder.

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Though in paffing fentence the Court had been particular as to the *day* on which he was to appear with the allotted tafk before the offended tutor, no notice whatever was taken of the *hour*, and the choice of this therefore Ryder confidered as left entirely to his own option. Before the time arrived, he had accidentally learned that on that very day a turtle-feaft was to be given at a neighbouring college, to which Mr. Bounce had been invited, and that three o'clock was the hour appointed for dining. At about half paft two then, juft as the tutor was dreffed in a frefh powdered wig, and a new filk pudding fleeved gown, ready to fally forth, Ryder appeared before him.

"Well, Sir, what do you want?" faid Mr. Bounce rather impatiently.

"I come, Sir, to repeat the thoufand "lines of Homer, allotted me as a pu- "nifhment, the time allowed for getting "them expires to day."

"I can't

"I can't poffibly hear them now, Mr. "Ryder; I am juft going out to dinner."

"At what time then, may I attend you, "Sir?"

"Oh, it will probably be late before I "am at home. To-morrow morning you "may come again."

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but you will "be fo good as to recollect, that unlefs they "are repeated to-day, I incur a year's "ruftification."

"Pfhaw!—Why did'n't you come in "the morning then?—This is the moft "inconvenient time you could have "chofen."

"I was coming, Sir, only that I found "Mr. Croftes was with you."

The poor tutor was reduced to a fad dilemma. If he refufed the hearing required by Ryder, he muft take upon himfelf to be refponfible to the fuperiors of the College for the young man's omiffion, and he was confcious to himfelf that the going out to dinner, even though to partake of

a turtle,

a turtle, would appear but a paltry excuſe for foregoing his duty as tutor of the College. Hard therefore as was the caſe, he dared not decline the hearing, and taking the book, though not very complacently, he ſaid: "You will be as quick as you "can, Mr. Ryder."

But before two hundred lines were repeated, Mr. Bounce's impatience to be gone became abſolutely inſupportable, and haſtily cloſing the book, he ſaid, "You ſeem aſtoniſhingly perfect, Mr. "Ryder; this diligence is highly com-"mendable, and I think I may ſpare you "the trouble of going any further."

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but is not the "penalty incurred unleſs the whole be re-"peated?"

"No, no, Mr. Ryder, I'll take care of "that.—I'll take care that you ſhall not "come into any trouble, and ſo, Sir, good "morning."

Ryder bowed and retired, and the tutor went his way to the feaſt, but, Oh, terrible

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to think on!—he did not arrive till the delicious animal was ſo nearly demoliſhed, that nothing remained for him but a few contemptible ſcraps ſcarcely worth eating, and he was compelled to make out a dinner as well as he could upon a dozen or two of other highly ſeaſoned diſhes. After ſuch an aggravation of his former offence, who will ſay that any ſteps afterwards taken by Mr. Bounce for Ryder's ruin were not perfectly juſtifiable?

Whether the tutor however ſingly might have been able completely to cruſh his devoted victim, may be doubtful; but ere the time for the fiery ordeal that was everlaſtingly to decide Ryder's fate arrived, his evil genius, ever in action, had raiſed him up another antagoniſt even more formidable, becauſe clothed with more power, than the great Mr. Bounce himſelf. At a public exerciſe in the ſchools preparatory to taking his degree, Ryder ſo completely foiled the Moderator of the year, Mr. Bertram, at his own weapons, that the latter was forced

forced to retire from the roſtrum degraded and abaſhed, while the ſuperior talents of the young Soph became the univerſal theme of applauſe and admiration.

This was in itſelf a crime that never could have been paſſed over; but this was not all; the Moderator had yet, if poſſible, a greater mortification to experience. In an evil hour a wicked wit was inſpired to make the circumſtance the ſubject of the following epigram, which was inſtantly handed about the ſchools, and received with no ſlight degree of approbation:

> Why turn all eyes aſtoniſhed to the chair?
> Can Bertram's want of learning make us ſtare?
> He only proves he's fit for his vocation,
> 'Tis his to ſhew in all things MODERATION.

Nor was this formidable lampoon confined to the ſchools alone, to which it owed its birth; it ſoon got into ſuch general circulation throughout the Univerſity, that poor Mr. Moderator was croſſed by it at every ſtep he took. Did he call

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on an acquaintance? as ſurely was it lying upon the table. Did he take his afternoon's lounge at the Coffee-houſe? as ſurely were ſeveral copies ſcattered about. Nay, one evening when he had a party of ladies at his rooms, on opening a freſh quarter of a pound of tea purchaſed for the occaſion, behold a copy of the deteſted epigram written in the envelope. He ſaw, he bluſhed, or rather *reddened* with anger, and inwardly devoted to deſtruction the guiltleſs cauſe of all. Mr. Bounce's wrongs were not unknown to him, he had however hitherto concerned himſelf little about them; but now ſmarting himſelf under wounds which originated from the ſame quarter, he ſought him out as a fellow-ſufferer, and they ſoon entered into a ſolemn covenant never to ſhrink from the ſupport of each other till they had obtained the revenge after which they both ſo eagerly panted.

Ryder, unconſcious of the obſtacles thus raiſed to his views, looked forward to his fiery

fiery trial, with ſome anxiety indeed, but with flattering hopes, both from the ſucceſs he had already obtained, and from the aſſurance in his own mind that he had omitted no efforts to deſerve thoſe honours on which his future fortunes were to depend. Ah, how could he conceive, that to poſſeſs too much knowledge was no leſs dangerous, perhaps even more ſo, than to poſſeſs too little! Thoſe who could not contend with him upon the equal ground of argument, could cruſh him with the ſtrong arm of power; and his perſecutors, by the authority they acquired from their ſtations, ſo effectually prevented his talents and acquirements from being brought into notice, that inſtead of the high honour he had good reaſon to expect, he found his name wholly excluded from the liſt of honours.

This was a ſtroke upon which it was impoſſible for him to calculate, and the injuſtice of which he ſtrongly felt. Yet conſcious that his diſgrace was unmerited, he

he heſitated not a moment to write a full and fair detail of the whole affair to Mr. Barry, relying upon obtaining that juſtice from him he had in vain expected from others. But the demons who had vowed his deſtruction, reſolved to leave no arts uneſſayed for effecting their purpoſe, had fortified themſelves alſo in this quarter, and anticipated him, by writing their own ſtatement of the affair to the Squire. Thus before Ryder's apology reached him, his mind was too much prepoſſeſſed againſt this child of his adoption to admit of his liſtening to reaſon, and he wrote him in reply a very angry letter, forbidding him his preſence for ever, and encloſing a bill for two hundred pounds, as the laſt mark of his favour he muſt ever expect to receive.

And ſince it was to be the laſt, Ryder had too lofty a ſoul to retain it. It was inſtantly returned with a warm and ſpirited remonſtrance againſt the injuſtice of Mr. Barry's proceedings, and ſome pretty

ſevere animadverſions on his chooſing rather to give credit to the accuſations of perſons unknown to him, and of the reſpectability of whoſe teſtimony he was therefore no adequate judge, than to the defence of one with whom he had been intimately connected from his infancy, and whom he had never found deceiving him in a ſingle inſtance. Yes, his mind roſe ſuperior to accepting his quondam patron's money, when his friendſhip was withdrawn, though at that moment his proſpects were as dreary and deſolate as even his moſt inveterate enemies could wiſh them. He was without a home, without employment, almoſt without money, and deſtitute of all reſources for ameliorating his condition except what were to be found in his own talents and induſtry, and he was in ſome danger of ſtarving before it was poſſible to determine in what way they could be employed to the beſt advantage. To obtain any effectual aſſiſtance from his relations was out

out of the queftion, fince the only ones he had were two aunts, fifters of his father, who, both pretty girls, had married greatly, confidering their birth and fituation in life, yet they were by no means in fuch circumftances as to have any fuperfluities to impart to others. One was then the wife of a Mr. Deacon, a country curate, with a large family, and an income of only a hundred pounds to fupport them; and the other was the widow of an Excife-officer at Pontefract, who with a fmall houfe there, had left her an annuity but juft fufficient for her own maintenance. Doating however upon her nephew Richard, whom fhe confidered as abfolutely of a fuperior order of beings, fhe no fooner heard of his diftrefs, than fhe wrote to him begging him to come to her, and affuring him, that rather than he fhould want or be driven into any fervile occupation, fhe would herfelf feek fervice, and leave him her annuity, till he was fettled in fome means of gaining his livelihood not de-

grading to a man of his learning and talents.

To George Barry indeed Ryder might ſtill look up as a friend, ready and willing to ſerve him to the utmoſt of his power, but he was kept by his father ſo very ſtrict in money matters, that a few guineas juſt for preſent ſupport was all he could offer, and this he did offer in a very kind and affectionate letter, which went by the ſame poſt that carried his father's unjuſt and ſevere one. He expreſſed the deepeſt concern at the ill-treatment his friend had experienced, and at the prejudice Mr. Barry had conceived againſt him, adding many aſſurances of the real happineſs it would give him ſhould he ever be able in any way to ſerve him, and regretting ſeverely that during his father's life his means of aſſiſting him muſt be ſo extremely confined.

Ryder immediately reſolved upon quitting Cambridge where he had nothing more to hope, and where, as the theatre

on

on which he had experienced ſo much injuſtice and unmerited diſgrace, he could have no great inclination to remain. The little property he had to diſpoſe of, juſt ſufficed to enable him to pay the ſmall remains of his college expences, and to leave the place free of all claims, and then with five ſhillings in his pocket in a dreadful ſnowy morning, early in the month of February, he ſet out on foot for Pontefract, intending ſo far to avail himſelf of his aunt's kindneſs, as to take up his abode with her for two or three weeks till he could ſettle ſome plan for his future ſupport. On the road he wrote to George Barry, acknowledging his kindneſs, and informing him of his intention of ſtaying a ſhort time at Pontefract, where if he could contrive to meet him, it would afford him very great ſatisfa tion.

George loſt no tin in complying with wiſhes ſo conformabl with his own inclinations, and dropped th ſilent tear of affection and regret upon the h nd of his friend, as he

mournfully pressed it beneath the humble roof of Mrs. Symonds at Pontefract, instead of shaking it eagerly in his father's mansion at Blakeney. Various plans were suggested for Ryder, but money, money was requisite for carrying any one into execution, and where was that to be procured? At length, as George was walking about the town, he met a young Ensign of his acquaintance who was passing through in his way to London, and who, as he was just then going to dinner at the inn, earnestly pressed George to come and eat a steak with him. Here in the course of conversation it appeared that the Ensign wished to part with his commission as soon as a purchaser could be found, since otherwise he must join his regiment, which was upon garrison duty at Gibraltar, a service he by no means liked.

This was enough for George. He thought the very circumstance which created the Ensign's objection to retaining his

his commiſſion, would render it the more agreeable to Ryder, who would thus have an opportunity of enlarging his ideas, by becoming acquainted with other countries and other manners, and who, in whatever ſtation he was placed, would prefer an active to an inactive life. He therefore, without a moment's heſitation, agreed with the Enſign for the purchaſe, determining by ſome means or other to raiſe the money requiſite for it, even though he ſhould be compelled to have recourſe to a trading money-lender; and he only waited for the completion of the buſineſs to announce what he had done, and preſent the commiſſion to his friend.

Tranſported with the idea of thus in ſome meaſure repairing his father's injuſtice, he immediately applied to a manufacturer at Sheffield, with whom he was well acquainted, and from whom he hoped the money might be procured, only requeſting that the affair might be kept a

profound fecret, as the moft fatal confequences would enfue, fhould it ever come to Mr. Barry's knowledge. The manufacturer happening unfortunately at that time to be very fhort of cafh himfelf, mentioned the circumftance to Beauchamp, who was than ftaying at his houfe for a few days, afking if he could by any means affift in raifing the money. He told him likewife all the particulars of Ryder's ftory, which was no fecret in the neighbourhood, but had been made the fubject of very public difcuffion, and Mr. Barry's conduct had been feverely reprobated.

Beauchamp was fo much ftruck with what he had heard, that without a moment's delay he imparted all to Olivia. With her accuftomed generofity fhe inftantly defired that the commiffion might be purchafed in her name, which would preclude any danger of George Barry's being known as an agent in the bufinefs, and fhe hoped, fhe faid, that he would not refufe her the pleafure

pleafure of making the intended prefent inftead of himfelf.

But when the commiffion was put into Ryder's hands a difficulty arofe, which in t dour of arranging the plan had never fugge ed itfelf to any of the parties concerned. Mifs Campbell was a perfon wholly unknown to Ryder, fhe might be one from whom he fhould not choofe to accept an obligation, and with many acknowledgm he intended kindnefs, he begged leav e it. Beauchamp upon this only reque him to fee her, when he did not doubt that thefe fcruples would inftantly be at an end. To this he was at firft very reluctant, but at length by much perfuafion he was prevailed upon to confent, and accompanied Beauchamp to Campbell-Houfe. Here Olivia's eafy and engaging manner foon won fo much upon the heart of th high-fpirited young man, that his objections vanifhed, the commiffion was accepted, and he fhortly after

after embarked for the place of his desti-nation.

Perhaps it had been better had Ryder been himself consulted upon the business before it was finally arranged; but it [illegible] occurred to George in his eager[illegible] make some provision for his friend, th[illegible] the army might be a mode of life not altogether suited to his manners and pursuits. He thought of nothing but the danger of his making objections [illegible] score of the difficulties to be [illegible] raising the money, as he [illegible]sensibly that Ryder would absolutely [illegible]rohibit his binding himself in any way that might hereafter prove embarrassing to him, and he wished to spare his delicacy, by not suffering the engagements he must enter into to be known till it was too [illegible]ate to prevent them.

Not that George [illegible]arry was mistaken in the idea that his fri[illegible] would like visiting foreign countries, th[illegible] part of the plan was extremely agreeable to Ryder, but there were

were other circumstances attending his situation, that made his stay at Gibraltar not altogether pleasant to him. The dissipated lives led by people in his profession, ha[illegible] charms for him; the bottle and the noisy mirth it occasions could not interest a mind devoted as his was to the pursuit of science and literature. It was besides the primary object of his soul to preserve his independence in the world, and as he felt that not[illegible] more essentially necessary towards at[illegible]is object, than to avoid, with the [illegible]pulous caution, incurring any debts, so it was always his determined resolution, how small soever might be his means, never to live beyond what they would support. With this resolution it must be obvious that he could not pretend to associate with those who regulated their expences only by their wishes, and thus he found himself absolutely excluded from society, and compelled to place his sole reliance, both for

amuse-

amusement and employment, on the resources of his own mind. In consequence of this he soon obtained the character of a misanthrope, and though to withhold respect from him was impossible, yet [illegible] himself a solitary being, without an object he could love, or by which he could feel himself beloved.

In this situation he remained near four years, when his regiment was recalled, and, at its return to Engl[illegible]nded. The officers were co[illegible] put upon half-pay, and thus [illegible] once more thrown out of employm[illegible] a considerable reduction of his before small pittance. As in his hours of solitude at Gibraltar he had applied himself principally to the study of Physic, and every science connected with it, as Anatomy, Chemistry, Botany, Natural History, &c. he had thought of commencing the practice of Physic immediately on his return. But from his not having been regularly educated to the profession

feſſion in either of the Univerſities, he found there were obſtacles to purſuing this plan of which he was not at firſt aware. And at length, after forming various other projects for his ſubſiſtence, it has lately been determined that he is to take a large farm of Olivia's, the leaſe of which will expire in about half a year, when the preſent tenant goes to a farm of his own in a diſtant part of the country, recently come to him by inheritance. With this plan he is extreme[illegible] ple[illegible] as he thinks he ſhall thus be a[illegible]

[illegible] independen[illegible]

[illegible] in his

such high offence to the card-tables at Doncaster. As he is expected here fi ly, you will then learn what opinion is tertained of him, by

Yours with great sincerity

LIONEL STANH

END ... FIRST VOLUME.